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HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

READ ARTICLE ON FOURTH PAGE.

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Our New Serial Story.

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A TEMPERANCE STORY.

BY

Thomas W. Knox

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND THROUGH ASIA," "THE YOUNG NIMRODS," "THE BOY TRAVELERS" (IN TEN VOLUMES), "CAMP-FIRE AND COTTON FIELD," "UNDER GROUND," "DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO," "JOHN," "HOW TO TRAVEL," "MARCO POLO FOR BOYS AND GIRLS," ETC.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story opens in Liberty, a New England village. Dick is the son of John Graham, a workingman, who is addicted to drink. To downward course of this latter, until he becomes a sot, so far under the control of the rum appetite that he cannot touch liquor without getting wildly intoxicated, is given in detail. His family come to want, and he loses his employment. He is finally put into jail on suspicion of robbery, which he did not commit. The forced abstinence from rum while imprisoned makes him try once more to reform. In this he is seconded by Dr. Jessup, and friends in obriety as a disease, and other citizens. John Graham is given work by a farmer, who pays his wages to Mrs. Graham, thus not allowing him to have any money to buy rum. Dick, then a lad, is taken as clerk in Mr. Webster's store. He proves himself industrious, zealous and faithful, and saves the store from robbery by trapping two burglars in the cellar. Dick has a boyish liking for Sarah Gove, a girl of about his own age, who lives alone with her father, who is a confirmed drunkard. Their affection went on for years, until her father was finally imprisoned for theft, and Sarah became "help" in a farmer's family. Dick and Sarah then became formally engaged. Mr. Varney, a wealthy New York merchant, whose boyhood home was in Liberty, revisited the place and renewed his old-time acquaintance with Mr. Webster, Dick's employer. He is attracted by the moral qualities of Dick, and proposes to take him into his employ in New York. Dick goes to the city and begins work. He lives at a boarding-house with a number of his fellow-clerks. They sneer at his temperance principles, and nickname him "Teetotaler Dick." At hough Mr. Varney required all his clerks to abstain from intoxicants, Dick finds that some of them drink outside of business hours, they interpreting his requirement to mean that they were to abstain only while actually at work. Dick proposes to ask Mr. Varney if that interpretation is correct, but his fellow-clerks ask him not to do so. They finally decide to get Dick drunk by stratagem, in order that he may be prevented from mentioning the matter to Mr. Varney. They accomplished this by drugging Dick's tea, and when he became unconscious poured whisky down his throat. Noticing Dick's ghastly face the next day, Mr. Varney instituted inquiries, found out all about the plot, and summarily discharged all the clerks implicated in it. John Thomson, a fellow-boarder of Dick's, stands not in Mr. Varney's employ. Finding the risk Dick ran of dying from the drugging and dosing, declared to Dick his resolve also to become a teetotaller, and a close friendship between the two was the result.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN INCIDENT ON THE WATER.

THOMSON gradually drew away from his old associates, who continued in their drinking ways, and formed new acquaintances among young men who were abstainers like himself. He never realized what a hold the drinking habit had obtained with him until he broke it off; the longing for a drink presented itself very often, and it required a good deal of moral courage to resist it. "I had always thought," said he, "that I could stop drinking at any time without greatly I was mistaken. My dissipation was so slight that it seemed to be nothing at all; it was a habit that had grown insensibly, but was none the less firmly fixed; and I had a steady fight for weeks before I got over the temptation to drink again. And if it was so hard for me to break off, how much more must it be to one who has become a confirmed drinker!"

Thomson's experience was that of a great many in city and country life, especially in the former. They get into convivial ways, and feel no ill effects from them for a while. Bye and bye they conclude that something is wrong, but as they "can stop drinking at any time without the least effort," they are in no hurry about giving up the practice. When the effects are well developed they determine to stop, and then begins the struggle; and it is a struggle in which they are far from always being victorious.

Here is the story told by a gentleman from New York, who fought and was triumphant:

"My habits were regular; I rose at 7 o'clock, breakfasted at half-past seven, and was at my office by nine. I drank nothing during the day, making it an absolute rule not to touch a drop of anything intoxicating until after my business was over, which was generally four to half-past four in the afternoon. On the way up town I dropped in somewhere and took a cocktail, almost always with a friend who walked up with me. Each of us 'set up the drinks' somewhere on the way, and thus we each absorbed two cocktails. If I dined out somewhere, there was generally an abundance of wine, and I drank my share; if I dined at the club, there was a party of us, and we had plenty of wine with the dinner, and a cocktail before. If I went to to the theater there was a drink before we started, drinks between the acts, then more drinks when we got back to the club, a 'nightcap' before separating, and generally another drink to 'tie down the strings.' Not infrequently it was necessary to put a double knot in the strings of the nightcap, to make sure that it would stay on.

"Things went on in this way for three or four years, with variations according to circumstances. I thought I was temperate—in fact, would have resented any imputation to the contrary, because I never drank a drop till business was over. But various little ailments came upon me, in the shape of stomach and other disturbances, my mouth tasting in the morning as though a bad oyster had been left there by mistake. My sleep was disturbed by bad dreams; often I was restless and wakeful a large part of the night, and I generally got up in the morning with a headache, which did not disappear till after breakfast. What could it all come from, as I certainly wasn't drinking too much?

"One night, it was the 12th of February, 18—, I lay in bed wondering what my trouble could come from, and I argued, as usual, that what I drank amounted to nothing. 'Let's count up and see,' I said to myself. 'Here you go, old man—you take two cocktails on the way up town and another just before dinner, that makes three. The wine you take during dinner equals three more, and that's six altogether. Then a whisky and seltzer soon after dinner, another before you go to the theater, three during the performance, another on the way to the club, then a drink, a night-cap, a tie to the strings, and a double knot; altogether, from the end of business to going to bed, no fewer than sixteen drinks.' Sixteen drinks! and that's the bar-room allowance for a bottle! I never dreamed I was taking a half, or even a quarter of that amount.

"I said then to myself, 'old man, that accounts for the whole business, and you'll stop right off this twelfth day of February. No more bard liquor; but you may have your wine at dinner, a pint of claret and one glass of champagne—only one, mind you!'

"Well, I stopped. Not another cocktail or whisky and seltzer, or any other 'hard' drink. And what a struggle it was! How I longed and longed for a cocktail before dinner, and how hard it was to refuse the fellows at the club and say, 'No, thank you,' when they asked me to join. For six months the thirst remained, but I held out; I found that the wine at dinner only served to aggravate and prolong it, and so I stopped that, and thenceforward found it much easier to get along. By and by the longing went away altogether, and now I walk up town and take my dinner without so much as thinking of a cocktail. My food tastes better, I eat with a hearty relish, sleep soundly, wake fully refreshed, and without the least headache, mouth is sweet as a rose, in place of the old bad oyster taste, my various ills have taken wings and flown away, and I couldn't be hired to go back to my old condition. I realize that I'm not so good a fellow among the boys as I used to be, but I'm a thousand times better fellow with myself. I never dreamed what a hold the drinking habit had on me, and now realize that there is nothing that will make a man deceive himself, let alone lying to or deceiving others, so much as the alcohol habit."

This is from one who knows what he is talking about. He would probably agree that the law-makers of Spain were not far out of the way when they once decreed that no drunkard could be a witness in a court of justice. Their idea was that a drunkard would be unable to tell the truth, no matter how much he might wish to do so; his imaginings would be so mixed with the facts, through the distortions of his brain, that nothing he said could be relied upon.

When Thomson announced his intention of becoming a teetotaller, some of his friends derisively remarked that he would have a dull time of it, and his good resolutions wouldn't last long. He had, himself, some misgivings on this point, but sturdily remarked that he would try it, anyway, and to fail in a good endeavor was certainly better than not to make the endeavor at all.

We have already said that he dropped his drinking associates, and made acquaintances among abstainers. Through Dick's recommendation he entered Mr. Varney's employ, and his zeal and industry, backed by his abstemious habits, brought him the promotion he justly deserved. He and Dick were much together; they occupied the same room in the boarding-house, joined a gymnasium, where they devoted a certain time every second evening to athletic exercises; subscribed to the Mercantile Library, and to the Young Men's Christian association; attended lectures together at the Cooper Union; joined a temperance society, and took an active part in its work, and in other ways found healthy occupation and amusement without once entering a place where liquor was sold, or where the most fastidious could assert that the influences were bad in any way. Their minds were improved by their reading, the lectures they heard and the debates in which they joined, while their athletic sports and frequent walks in the open air kept their bodies vigorous and thoroughly healthy. The color came back to Thomson's face, and before his probation had extended through six months he felt so much better in every way that there was not the slightest temptation to return to his old way of life. "I missed some fun at first," he said one day to one of his old associates, "but I have just as much fun now, and more too, but of a different sort."

When the time came for their annual vacations, they went to the seaside or to the mountains, the seaside having the preference, as both were fond of boating, and greatly enjoyed the pure air which blows from the ocean. Their favorite resort was Great South Bay, a delightful sheet of water on the south side of Long Island, not far from New York, and easy of access. They generally made up a party of four, the others being of their own tastes and habits, went to one of the villages along the shore of the bay, and chartered a boat for their exclusive use during the time of their stay. With the owner of the boat as their guide and manager, so far as seamanship was concerned, they sailed about the bay or out into the ocean, and had a variety of adventures, and as Dick expressed it, 'a daily filling of their lungs with the purest ozone.' Upon one thing they insisted, and that was that their boatman should be, like themselves, an abstainer from intoxicants, at least for the time that he was in their employ. A teetotaller was not easy to find among the boatmen of that region, and as for that matter he is not easy to find in any part of the world. Those who go down to the sea in ships or navigate the shallow waters along the coast are alike addicted to the use of strong drink whenever it comes within their reach, though there has been a vast improvement among them in the last few decades. We will have more to say on this subject at a later point in our story.

Pleasure boatmen like those of Great South Bay, Barnegat Bay, Long Island Sound, and other coast waters, are subject to unusual temptations through their patrons. A fishing or sailing party is generally well supplied with material for drinking, food being a secondary consideration; the lunch basket may be forgotten, but never the liquor-basket. When the bottle circulates the boatman is rarely left out in the rounds, but he generally has the good sense not to drink enough to make him "lose his head;" he realizes that the safety of the party depends upon his keeping sober, while his patrons are not under the same restriction. But the constant saturation by alcohol in which many boatmen pass their lives without noticeably being intoxicated, is sure to tell, and few of them live to an advanced age. It is a case of slow poisoning, such as was described by Thomson's medical friend when discussing the plot against Dick.

In the past twenty years there has been a great improvement, so far as drinking is concerned, among boatmen and their employers. Pleasure parties do not carry as well stocked liquor baskets as formerly, and many of them carry nothing whatever besides cold water, or possibly a bottle of cold tea. Old boatmen say on Great South Bay that the quantity of liquor consumed by pleasure parties to-day is not one quarter of what it was fifteen or twenty years ago, and visitors to that locality confirm this statement. There is yet opportunity for much improvement, but the friends of temperance may well rejoice at the progress that has been made.

The first mishap of our friends in navigating Great South Bay and adjacent waters was due to John Barleycorn, combined with the brain of a boatman. Their regular boatman was detained at home one day by the dangerous illness of a child, and sent a substitute. This substitute was wholly unknown to our friends. Had they been aware of his standing, or rather the lack of it, in the boating community, they would have objected to going out in his charge. He was a steady drinker at all times, and frequently a hard one; a good sailor when sober, but a dangerous one, as every sailor must be, when under the malign influence of alcohol.

In the present instance he was just recovering from a debauch brought on by too frequent potations with a fishing party the day before, and other potations after getting back to land. Dick observed that the fellow had a wild look in his eyes, but suspected nothing, and the party started for Fire Island Inlet with the substitute boatman at the helm.

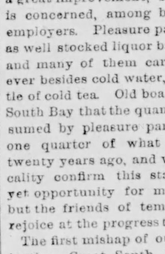
The tide was running swiftly out of the bay as they reached the inlet, while a strong wind from the southwest blew against it and made what sailors call a "choppy" sea. Just as the boat was half way through the inlet, the boatman made a wrong movement with the tiller, the craft "went about" suddenly, and the boom of the mainsail, sweeping across the stern, knocked overboard Mr. Thomson and another of the party.

The boatman glared stupidly at them as they floundered in the water, and then, for the first time, Dick perceived that the fellow was under the influence of drink and did not know what he was about. He had had intelligence enough to steer the boat successfully from the starting point into the inlet, but there his brain had failed him, and now the lives of this party of four were in the hands of a drunken man!

And of these four, two were in the water where the swift tide was bearing them out on the great ocean, while the other two were ignorant of the management of a sail boat!

CHAPTER XXIV.

FISHING AND FISHERMEN.



DICK had a cool head and it ayailed him admirably in the crisis in which he found himself. Both his friends could swim, and he instantly seized two camp-chairs that were in the cock-pit of the boat and flung them in the direction of the men overboard. Then he ran forward and "let go" the jib of the boat, so that it came down with a run. Although by means accustomed to boat navigation, he had used his eyes sufficiently to learn that when the headway of a sloop is to be stopped the first step is to lower the jib

A boat from Bayshore was following close behind them, and two or three other boats were just outside the inlet, engaged in "trolling" for bluefish. Boatmen are quick to perceive when anything is wrong on another craft than their own; in the present instance they made no exception to the rule, and before the men had been half a minute in the water all the boats within convenient distance were making for them as fast as possible.

Thomson had been partially stunned by the blow of the boom against his head, and did not strike out at once for the chair that was flung at him. He disappeared beneath the waves, and it was an agonizing moment for Dick as he saw his friend go down. But he soon reappeared, waved his arms above him and then swam towards the camp chair which was a few yards away. His fellow unfortunate did likewise, and very soon they were both in possession of the supports that Dick's presence of mind had afforded them.

The other boats came up and the swimmers were rescued and taken on board. Thomson was much exhausted with his efforts to swim, combined with the blow he had received from the boom, and as soon as he was safe on the rescuing boat he fainted "dead away." He was revived by a vigorous rubbing and was afterwards wrapped in whatever dry garments were at hand; his rescuers wished to pour some whisky down his throat and would have done so but for the energetic opposition of Dick. The young man protested that it was not a case of restoration from drowning, but simply a faint, and fainting persons were not in need of alcoholic stimulus. When he came to himself Thomson was profuse in his thanks to everybody who had been of assistance, and his chief regret seemed to be that he had been in any way the cause of interfering with their sport.

"Never mind that," said one of the rescuers, "you would have done just the same for anybody in a similar predicament, and so would all of us. We came out for excitement, and now that there's nobody hurt, we're not at all sorry, speaking selfishly, that the whole thing happened, as we've had a very exciting time while it lasted. Wish we could rig you out in dry clothes all around, and then we could go on with the fishing as though nothing had happened."

The victims of the mishap were soon as well as ever, and from the various boats that gathered around, they were dressed after a fashion that protected them from cold, and made them presentable enough for a fishing boat, though they would have been very much out of gear and totally inadmissable at a fashionable assemblage. Thomson's nether garments were a pair of oilskin trousers, while the other man wore a pair or blue overalls that had seen better days a good while before. Thomson had a similar garment beneath his oilskins, and found the rig rather warm for comfort, but it had the merit of dryness. Their coats were so misfitting that Dick suggested that a shop on the Bowery had been patronized by the two adventurers while suffering from temporary blindness; Thomson's was much too large, while the other man's was too small; but, taken as an average, they were all right.

The drunken boatman had succumbed completely, and, after running his craft aground on a sand bar, he stretched himself out on the floor for a nap. One of the rescuers was an amateur boatman, thoroughly familiar with the bay and its surroundings, and he promptly volunteered to take command of the craft with the disabled crew. An inquest or rather a board of survey was held upon the intoxicated boatman, and the verdict was that the best use to which he could be put was to lie still and serve as ballast while some one else did his boat-sailing.

Dick proposed to go back and give up the day's amusement, but to this Thomson put in a decided protest. "We're all right now," said he, speaking on behalf of the other victim of the mishap and himself, "and as for the boatman, he can sleep on the floor as well as elsewhere." Then he checked himself as he thought of the gentleman who had so kindly volunteered to sail the boat, but the latter promptly relieved his embarrassment by declaring that it would give him great pleasure to stay with them and manage the craft. "I like it a great deal better than sitting still," he said, "and if you are satisfied I shall be, certainly."

So the excursion outside of the bay was continued, and a good time they had. The bluefish came to sid them by taking vigorous hold of their lines, and before turning back they had no less than forty-nine of what Dick called "bouncers."

To those unfamiliar with the sport, it may be well to explain that in trolling for bluefish the boat is sailed along at a speed of about six miles an hour—more than that velocity drags the hook too rapidly for the fish to seize it, while a slower rate does not give it sufficient motion. The bait or decoy is an elongated mass of bright lead or pewter, cast around the shank of a hook; the fish mistakes this piece of metal for the squid, its favorite food, and seizes it between its powerful teeth. Its jaws are very strong, and when well-hooked the fish is fairly secured; he has a trick of running ahead faster than the fisherman can pull in the line, and when he gets a little "slack," he jumps out of the water in the direction of the boat, and while thus in the air shakes the hook clear from his jaws. It is a common saying among fishermen that a bluefish is lost when he gets any slack line.

The fish taken by our friends weighed from six to ten pounds each, and gave the young sportsmen plenty of exercise. Dick's fingers were cut through nearly to the bone by the strain upon the line, and the others were not much better off. Their arms ached, and every muscle was at its fullest tension; their faces glowed with the excitement, and altogether, barring the mishap of the morning, they had a delightful day.

There is no more enjoyable sport within the reach of New Yorkers than is that of blue fishing, except to the fish. Even if the blue fish do not put in an appearance, the sail is delightful, and a few hours' sail on the open ocean are a great treat to men who have come from offices and stores in the metropolis, where the air is far from pure.

Mr. Slote, the impromptu skipper, who had taken charge of the boat, was emphatic in his denunciation of the drinking habits of the man who lay so helpless on the cabin floor, and intimated that it would not be a bad scheme to tow the fellow astern for a mile or two just to sober him up. "Perhaps it would do good," said he, "to get these boatmen together and point out to them the evils of rum and the great advantages that would come from their letting it alone. If these men would set up as teetotallers, and make the fact known, they would draw a great many people here who now stay away. I am not a total abstainer," he continued, "but have a horror of going out in a boat with a man who drinks. I never invite one of these boatmen to take a drink as long as we are afloat; I'm willing to treat him to a glass on shore, when the day's work is over, though I don't believe much in that, and I'll give him all the cigars he can smoke. I've had my life jeopardized by drinking boatmen, and have known several accidents of a serious character from the same cause. If no boats had been in the neighborhood to-day, it's very likely that one or both of you who fell overboard would have been drowned. It was the fault of the skipper and his alcohol-filled brain, and he ought never to have another customer till he makes a complete reform in his habits."

His listeners fully agreed with him and they further determined that they would urge upon every man of their acquaintance not to give intoxicating drink to boatmen while on duty on their boats or before starting for a sail. "A man on a boat has need of all his intellect," said Dick, "and if he will drink at all he should refrain from doing so when he may endanger other lives than his own. He ought not to be allowed to peril his own life; but as long as the laws stand as they do at present, it is impossible to make any effectual restraint, on that score. The advocates of personal liberty are very strenuous for the principle that no man should be dictated to by anybody else as to the character of his food or drink."

"That is the argument with which they oppose all efforts at prohibition," said Mr. Slote. "Whenever it has been proposed to submit to the popular vote an amendment to the constitution of the state prohibiting the sale of ardent spirits or other intoxicants, the liquor dealers and their allies press this argument with all possible force. At their latest convention in Rochester they passed a resolution in which they said, 'We deny the right of the majority to dictate to the minority what they shall eat or drink or what they shall not eat or drink, and for this reason we are opposed to the proposition to submit to a popular vote an amendment to the constitution prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors in the state of New York.' You see they are afraid to have it submitted, as they know what the popular voice is likely to be when all parts of the state can be heard from."

"The law regulates the sale of other poisons," said Dick, "and why should it not regulate that of alcoholic poison, which annually kills more people than all the other poisons ten times over?"

"Probably because comparatively few men are interested in the sale of arsenic and strychnine, while the sale of alcoholic drinks is an industry which engages a great many people," the gentleman answered. "Propose to curtail the whisky interest, and you at once touch the pockets of a great many men in business. The human purse is very sensitive, and money making blinds the great majority of mankind to any other interests than its own. The degradation of rum is as great, almost, for the man who sells as for the one who drinks it; he rarely has any conscience, and is ready to take the last dime from a drinking man's pocket, though he knows that the wife and children of the drunkard may be starving. In the same way, the opponents of prohibitory or restrictive laws base their action upon personal liberty, but will generally be found to have an interest directly or indirectly, in the nefarious traffic."

The conversation went on in this strain until the boat reached its destination and the party went ashore, leaving the boatman to sleep himself out and then lay his craft into her place for the night. Our friends were warm in their thanks to Mr. Slote, who had been of so much aid to them, and whom they had found a most delightful acquaintance. He said he had been fully compensated for all his trouble by having the opportunity to know the teetotal quartette, of whom he had heard as a party that frequently went sailing or fishing, but never carried any drinks stronger than cold tea. He hoped their example would become "catching," and said it would be the millennium of Great South Bay when boatmen and visitors adopted temperance principles.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AFTER THE CURFEW.

The play is over. While the light
Yet lingers in the darkening hall,
I come to say a last good night
Before the final exeunt all.

We gathered once, a joyous throng;
The jovial toast went gaily round;
With jest, and laugh, and shout, and song,
We made the floors and walls resound.

We come with feeble steps and slow,
A little band of four or five,
Left from the wrecks of long ago,
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they
Whose memories it is ours to share!
Spread the long table's full array—
There sits a ghost in every chair!

One breathing form no more, alas!
Amid our silent group we see;
With him we still remained "the class;"
Without his presence what are we?

The hand we ever loved to clasp,
That tireless hand which knew no rest,
Loosed from affection's trembling grasp,
Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice,
That lent to life a generous glow,
Whose every meaning said Rejoice,
We see, we hear, no more below.

The air seems darkened by his loss,
Earth's shadowed features look less fair,
And heavier weighs the daily cross
His willing shoulders helped us bear.

Why mourn that we, the favored few
Whom grasping time so long has spared
Life's sweet illusions to pursue,
The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of Friendship's heart
There breeds unfelt a throb of pain;
One hour must rend its links apart,
Though years on years have forged the chain.

So ends the "boys," a life-long play;
We, too, must hear the prompter's call
To fairer scenes and brighter day;
Farewell! I let the curtain fall!

—[Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A SONG OF THE UNATTAINABLE.

For the few-and-far-between,
For the very-seldom-seen,
For the un-catch-hold-uponable I sigh!
The unclutchable I'd clutch,
The untouchable I'd touch,
For the ungrabbed and ungrabable I'd die!

Oh, I burn and sigh and gasp,
For the just-beyond-the grasp,
For the far-unovertakable I yearn;
And the vulgar here-and-now
I ignore and disavow,
And the good-enough-for-others, how I spurn!

Oh, I moan and cry and screech
For the just-beyond-the-reach,
The too-far-away-to-grab I would ensnare;
The ungainable I'd gain,
The unattainable attain,
And chase the un-catch-on to his lair.

—[Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Sweet Consolation.

Although we sometimes sigh and fret
When in our business
We have with constant failures met
Instead of sweet success,
Reflection consolation brings,
For then 'tis evident
That we should have been rich if things
Had turned out different.

—[Boston Courier.

Her Father's Rocks.

"Take care, young man, don't marry her,
You'll find there are rocks ahead."
"That's what I want—her father's rocks,"
The young man softly said.

—[Brunonian.

She Ain't Built That Way.

A woman may dress and pose as a belle,
And gracefully flutter a Japanese fan;
But a stone at a hen she can not propel,
For she isn't constructed upon that plan.

—[Boston Courier.

No Hurry.

I want to be an angel,
For that I hope and pray.
I want to be an angel—
But, of course, not right away.

—Somerville Journal.

Ill-Omened.

His arms, with strong and firm embrace,
Her dainty form enfold,
And she had blushed her sweet consent,
When he his story told.

"And do you swear to keep your troth?"
She asked with loving air;
He gazed into her upturned face,
"Yes, by you elm, I swear."

A year passed by, his love grew cold,
Of his heart she'd broken twain;
She blamed his fault, but the fact was this—
The tree was slippery elm.

—[Yale Record.

The Unattainable Girl.

A different girl your fate reveals,
Each time we go to woo;
But never the one your mother feels
Is good enough for you.

—[Exchange.

A Stayer.

Mrs. Yeast—"What do you think of young men in politics, John?"

Mr. Yeast—"I don't know."

"But Mr. Crimsonbeak thinks they have come to stay."

"Well, Maria, if we are to judge by the one down in the parlor with Sophie, I guess he's right."—[Yonker's Statesman.

He Discarded a Queen and Lost.

Boston Herald.

Ex-King Milan of Servia lost $50,000 one day this week at a gambling table.

Our New Testament Serial.

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"COME FORTH."

A STORY OF THE TIME OF CHRIST.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS,

Author of "The Gates Ajar," "Beyond the Gates," etc.

AND THE REV. HERBERT D. WARD.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

The story begins with a description of an early morning scene in the streets of Jerusalem and of services in the synagogue of the Pharisees, at which a young reformer is expected to preach, but does not come. The comfortable house of Lazarus and his sisters, Martha and Mary, in Bethany, a suburb of Jerusalem, is also described, and a contrast drawn between the practical, unimaginative character of Martha and enthusiastic, devotional character of Mary. All three are friends, admirers and adherents of the ardent young preacher.

Ariella, the bedridden daughter of Malachi and of Hagaar, is left almost alone in their house for the day, while they go up to Jerusalem. Baruch, the blind man, is brought by his mother to beguile Ariella's loneliness; a tender sentiment is growing between these two afflicted people. Baruch suggests that Ariella might be cured by the miraculous power of the new rabbi. She hopes for this, and Baruch promises her to beg him to come to the house of Malachi to heal her. But Malachi the Pharisee, Ariella's father, came home the next day in a towering rage over the young rabbi's discourse in the synagogue, in which the hypocrisy of the Pharisees were denounced; and Malachi commands his wife and daughter to have nothing whatever to do with Jesus of Nazareth, nor to attend his discourses. Blind Baruch comes to tell Ariella, two days later, that Jesus has consented to come to heal her; but she tells him, sobbing, that his errand has been in vain, because of her father's anger toward Jesus. Baruch determines to succeed, in spite of this obstacle. His mother, Rachel, invites Ariella to visit her and spend the night. Her parents assent, and the lame girl is carried on a litter to her friend's home. That evening Jesus comes and heals her. Ariella is well-nigh mad with joy, and walks to her home in the morning. Her father is terribly angry over the matter, and accuses Ariella of having deceived him, alleging that she had not been sick. At this the neighbors who had gathered to witness the miracle that had been performed, remonstrate with him, while Ariella, his wife, reproached Malachi for his heartlessness.

Lazarus, who is a contractor and builder, goes to the palace of Annas, the ex-high priest, to make some repairs. There he sees Zahara, the beautiful daughter of Annas, who sets his heart in a tumult. Several times during the progress of the work he meets her for a moment, and Lazarus falls madly in love with her. Annas comes to inspect the work, and learns that Lazarus is a believer in the new rabbi, the Nazarene, Jesus, the carpenter's son. Zahara joins her father, and hears the conversation. Annas is displeased, and leaves the builder coldly. Zahara accompanies her father. Lazarus did not see Zahara again until just as he was leaving the palace the evening of the day on which his work was completed. He avows his love for her, and receives a shy admission from her that he is loved in return.

CHAPTER XI.

HE relation of Lazarus to the Nazarene had been always peculiar. No other person among the friends of the Rabbi had a similar experience. The acquaintance of the two had begun on this wise:

Lazarus had a contract for some fine carving upon a portion of the Temple; that always growing and never-completed pride and glory of the Jews, upon which 10,000 men worked for over 40 years, and in which there always remained the next touch possible to the patient artist of a beautiful thing.

Lazarus needed for his purpose some special carpentering of a high order of skill, and being a conscientious workman, sought for some time the hand required. There was finally recommended to him a young man, bearing the very common name of Jesus, a resident of a low, unpopular locality, known as Nazareth. This person, it was said, exhibited a skill beyond his fellows, executing work of a fine order. Lazarus sought for him, and set him to work in the sacred building. This might have been five or six years before the time of our story. The young man performed his task with a skill and effect unknown to the experience of the builder in any common workman.

"Your tools verily fly to your bidding," said the employer to the employee one day as he stood watching the Nazarene for a long time. Jesus laid down the tool in his hand, and regarded the builder with a strange look. He replied that this might be possible. Lazarus, in amazement, inquired the meaning of these words. The young man made further answer to the effect that many things unknown and unwrought were possible, for which the times and hearts of men were not ripe.

"I comprehend you not," said Lazarus. The carpenter was silent.

"But I do desire it," continued the builder. "I perceive you are a high-minded man, occupied with thoughts not pleasure. You have reflected more than I. I would that you explained yourself, if you think me worthy of your confidence," added Lazarus, with the modesty of a truly delicate nature, capable of recognizing its superior in an inferior social position. The young workman responded quietly to this tribute, which seemed neither to elate nor surprise him. He replied that he must needs ask for secrecy in the builder desired more from him concerning the matter, which was not one, he said, suitable for the curiosity or discussion of the many.

"Meet me on this spot," said the builder, "at dewfall; after the return of the workmen to their homes. Then shalt thou explain to me how a tool can fly to do thy bidding."

At the hour appointed, the two men met in a dusky portion of the temple. The priests chanted, and passed, and observed them not. Worshipers prayed at a distance. The hour and the place had a sacred character, and made upon Lazarus a life-long impression. The young Nazarene received him quietly, and stood modestly asking his requirements.

"That thine burin in my hands arise and carve thee a design of a bunch of grapes upon the frieze, 60 feet above our heads," said Lazarus, smiling.

"I promise naught," said the carpenter, "but give it to me. Put the tool within my hand."

The carpenter, having taken the burin, pressed it to his forehead, and clasped it strongly. Then suddenly flinging it high into the air, he exclaimed in a deep voice:

"Fly yonder, and do as thou art bidden!" And lo the tool sprang from the hand of the carpenter, flew like a live thing to the frieze 60 feet above the heads of the men; and there it did work before their eyes like the fingers of a man, and it carved a design upon the frieze; and Lazarus looked upon it, and behold, it was a bunch of grapes. And then the tool fell to the ground, and it was naught but a tool; and the Nazarene picked it up carelessly and laid it in its place. But he said to the builder:

"See thou tell no man. Speak not of these things; for the time is not ready for it." The two young men looked each other solemnly in the eye.

"What art thou?" demanded Lazarus. But Jesus made no reply.

"Who art thou?" persisted Lazarus.

"Time will teach thee," answered the other.

From this hour a friendship sprang up between the two young men. It was closely felt rather than closely cultivated; for their ways led them apart. Lazarus remained true to the confidence of the Nazarene; he made mention of it to no person from that time forth; in fact, even between themselves, as is the way of reserved men, the wonder was never again alluded to. Lazarus regarded that bit of mysterious carving in the Temple with a certain awe; but his mind never insisted on an explanation of the phenomenon. The Oriental accepts mystery naturally; Lazarus was not ignorant of the marvels of his country; but in anything of this nature he was totally inexperienced. He never forgot it. In later years, when the Nazarene grew into his tremendous popularity as a traveling rabbi, when the wonders that he wrought were brought as a tale that is told almost every week to the ears of Lazarus, that little scene to the Temple came back to him significantly. Probably it had prepared the prosperous, busy young Jew the more seriously to consider the awful claims of his friend when the time came that these were presented to Jewish society.

During the public career of the Nazarene the two had met; but less often than might have been expected. Both men were absorbingly busy, and in divergent ways. A strong tenderness, however, remained ripe between them. It had been the pleasure of Lazarus boldly to entertain Jesus at his house as often as possible; it was not very often. Lazarus had a sensitive humanity in his nature. When the muttering began, which presenced the usefulness and was doomed to threaten the very life of the young religious teacher; when Sanhedrin and Court, Priest and Pharisee, marked the most spiritual man in Judea with their dangerous displeasure, the rich and influential citizen remained loyal to the early affection for the poor tradesman. Lazarus had been hospitable and affectionate to Jesus. He called himself true. Up to this time he had been as attentive to his friend as circumstances permitted.

Now, to him as to thousands of live young natures, this had happened. The sea of love had overwhelmed him; and in it, friendship was lost or drowning, struggling for dear life.

The final evening at the palace instituted a duel of rapture and despair in the soul of Lazarus. At first delight dominated. Zahara loved him. Heaven and earth could not change that. But when the next day wore on, and the next and another, and the barricade of circumstances between himself and his lady love grew taller and took on the full strength of common reality, Lazarus succumbed to his misery. The work was done. There was now no excuse for going to the palace; there was now no opportunity to go to the palace. There was, therefore, no Zahara.

What could the lover do? To advance like a man, and woo the daughter of her father was impossible. The High Priest gave no daughter to a carpenter. A suspicion of the truth would be fatal to everything. Annas was quite capable of sending his daughter on a visit to Egypt, Rome or wherever, beyond the reach of an ineligible lover. He might be capable of design upon the lover—who knew? Zahara was a man of the world—of his little world, at least—and the shrewdly estimated the character of Annas; a man at once attractive and repellantly good-natured and cold, frank and scheming, affectionate and relentless. If a love affair in his household got beyond his indolent observation, nothing would be easier than for Annas to atone for a little negligence by extreme measures. In the state of society then existing in Judea, the power of a dignitary like Annas was uncontrolled and dangerous. What he did would not be questioned. What he chose would be effected. The disposal of an objectionable person would be made as comfortable as possible for the disposer; methods would not matter. What would the disappearance of a builder signify?

Lazarus fully realized his position. It seemed to be a hopeless one. But youth and love are eager, and despair uncomfortable. Lazarus found in himself interludes of perfectly unreasonable hope.

During these he haunted the region of the palace, drawing as near as he dared, without detection. He never saw her; not once. He watched for her litter in the streets. He mingled with the people and listened to the gossip about the movements of her father. He neglected his business; he ate little; he slept less. One day after a long tramp over the mountain and up to its top, whence he could look down upon the palace of the High Priest, when Lazarus came to go home it was nearly high noon and he felt the vengeance of the sun upon his head. He grew blind and dizzy, and looking abroad for the familiar outline of the scenery in the valley, suddenly he could see nothing, and a faintness seized him.

"There floweth the brook Kedron," thought Lazarus. "And yonder should be the palace, and there must be the house of Simon the Leper. I am not well. I have walked too far. I cannot distinguish objects. My head hath a singular sense of heat and pain. I must rest me and shield me beneath the first spot of shade that I can reach. Verily, I am overworn."

Suddenly, with these thoughts half muttered upon his parched lips, the young man sank to the ground. The full power of the sun scorched his brain and body; and he became unconscious where he lay, a prone and helpless figure, face down upon the hot side of Olivet.

There was a little garden near him, toward which Lazarus had been struggling. It was the property of a friend of his, a spot of rich, fine foliage, thick and cool, a pleasant secluded place. It went by the name of Gethsemane.

Lazarus fainted just without the walls of this garden. If we could call it a faint, I am not sure; his condition had too many causes, and was too serious to be lightly named. He remained unconscious for a long time.

When he came to himself, the grateful sense of shadow overhung him. The deadly sun was quite shielded away from his burning head. Olive trees folded their massive shelter, a green and graceful tent above him; the slender outline of the long leaves quivered on the edge of a bough against a fiery sky; the grey tints of the leaf added to the impression that the olive was a cool tree. A soft air played, like unseen fingers, upon these delicate leaves. The scent of richly-cultured fruits and flowers met in a pleasant nondescript perfume, which was probably as intelligible to the stricken man as it would have been at any time; for Lazarus had handled too many tools to be familiar with flowers. It was Zahara he cared for, not the lily. He turned his eyes idly about the familiar gorgeous garden. He was quite alone. He recognized the spot immediately, and the fact that unknown hands had brought him thither.

But whose? And where were they?

"Amos!" called Lazarus faintly, naming the name of his friend. There was no answer to the call, and Lazarus repeated it several times before the proprietor of the garden appeared. When he did so, he came leisurely through the olive trees, walking with the comfortable step of a well-to-do man of agricultural temperament. He was a middle aged, thoughtful Jew, a person of some social importance, and deeply in sympathy with the religious movement in which Lazarus had been, of late, a delinquent.

"Ah, there you are," said Amos. "I left you to sleep it out. You have had a bad time of it, Lazarus, and verily you have escaped a worse."

"What aileth me?" demanded Lazarus feebly.

"A stroke of the sun, and nothing less," said Amos, shortly. "I wonder not. How came you on the top of Olivet at noon of a day like this?"

"I meant to get home," murmured Lazarus. "I forgot myself."

"Mendit Forgot!" cried Amos. "These are pretty words for a busy, sensible fellow. I know thee not, Lazarus, in these days. I understand thee not."

"Nor I myself," replied Lazarus, feebly. He really felt too ill to be scolded. But Amos took the opportunity to hit his friend while he was down; it is a very old custom, as old as friendship.

"So it was you that brought me hither," said Lazarus. "I thank you, Am

his countenance, until by chance he overheard a by-stander observe carelessly:

"The daughter of Annas saileth to-night. Yonder is her shallop."

"Ah!" cried the young man, stopping short, "which one?—Yes, I see. The sail is a sail of purple. Is that the lady's shallop?"

"Verily, yes," said the by-stander, "she goeth to the opposite shore. She is rowed by the slaves of her father."

The young man bowed and passed on. His eyes now sought the water as a king commandeth the world. His face had grown vivid and beautiful. His lips moved tenderly underneath his bright beard. His eyes melted. He breathed, but did not articulate the word:

"Zahara!"

For Annas was a cautious man, not accustomed to make known his purposes to the women of his household, and Rebecca was entirely unacquainted with the fact that the master builder, Lazarus, had accepted the job upon the villa; and would himself oversee it; having quartered his men in tents upon the hillside, and taking lodgings for himself at the khan, or village inn.

Lazarus had done this with precipitation, almost without reflection. When the summons came from Annas, whose fancy had lightly forgotten the proposed repairs at the palace, and substituted others in his villa with the facile absorption of a man in his country seat, the builder had responded with such promptness that the High Priest took quick advantage of the situation to beat him down to an easy price. Lazarus accepted it without protest, almost without consciousness that he, the first master builder in the vicinity of Jerusalem, was underbidding the trade to the point of absurdity, one might almost say, of indecency. What could it matter? Lazarus would have given Annas a villa, to be at Capernaum just then.

On this evening, as he walked nervously up and down the strand, watching the sail of Zahara, he observed a man stop and watch the same, with something more than casual attention. The man was a fisherman. He cast the deep and always grave eye of his calling upon the sea. "I hope those fellows will not row the women too far," he said, "we are to have a change in the wind."

Then Lazarus perceived that he knew the man, and said: "I salute you, Peter. Tell me. The lady is not likely to get into any trouble, is she, yonder?"

"Lazarus, I salute you. Your face is a stranger of late to me. As to the lady, all I can say, is that these pleasure boats are poor affairs. It is a singular thing to me that the richer a man is the more doth he tempt danger upon the face of the waters. Never yet did I know property to supply mariners sense."

With these words, Peter passed on, for he was a busy man. Peter had fish to get to market. But Lazarus had found Zahara in a crazy little boat. The two men parted, as unconscious of each other's thoughts, almost as indifferent to them, as if they had been separate and divergent planets swinging in space; neither knowing that the time and the topic were to come, upon which their natures would beat as one pulse, and that a throbbing artery.

Peter the fisherman had hardly turned the curve of the beach toward the town when a light breeze tickled the surface of the lake, as fingers play with sensitive flesh. The water seemed to shrink and writhe a little playful. Then a sound like a slight, protesting laugh whirred across from shore to shore. This was followed by a little shriek of rising wind. Then, in a moment, came whirl and darkness, foam and fury, uproar and confusion. One of the violent and dangerous squalls to which Galilee was subject had struck the lake. The peaceful tints of the water darkened into angry masses of color; pearl and rose and gold became slate and black and iron.

Cries arose from the pleasure boat. The clumsy sails of the age struggled in the tornado, and came down. People made for the shores as fast as their senses permitted. These flaws from the gorges among the hills were greatly feared upon the shores of the lake, and there was little fooling with them. Cries of excitement and fear arose from the boats and from the beaches. One mad little boat capsized, but a couple of sturdy young Jews were the only passengers, and, being nearly at the shore, they swam for it comfortably and attracted but little attention.

The wind had now beaten itself into a maniacal temper; and a vicious looking storm cloud hung over the sea, and hung in mid heaven. In the midst of the uproar the sun sank, and the sudden darkness of the hill country was added to the dismal scene.

Among the crowd upon the beach—a scurrying mass of incoherent men, these shouting, those shouting, some pushing up the shore to get away, and others pushing down to it to see what was going on—one man stood in a kind of stupor, straining his eyes over the black belt of water, where the foam was flying wildly. It was Lazarus. He was transfixed with agony. Zahara's boat had become invisible.

"A boat!" cried Lazarus, suddenly startling to his senses, "a boat, to save a lady! A noble boat! I pay a price for it!"

But the by-standers shook their heads, looking dogged and sullen through the half-light. No man stirred. Lazarus ran down to the water and seized a skiff, and began to push it out wildly. Half a dozen hands snatched it away from him.

"You get no boat and no boatmen from a Galilee fisherman in a blow like this," said one of the men imperiously, "if you would kill yourself—which is contrary to the law—you get no help from us."

At this moment an authoritative voice came crashing into the crowd:

"A boat! A boat! Fifty denarii for a boat and the rowers thereof!" It was the voice of the High Priest. His venerable figure trembled with terror. His long beard blew in the wild wind. His face was convulsed. A Roman, standing by, said carelessly:

"Some of his women are across the lake." Lazarus ran up to Annas, and poured forth wild words—a torrent of them; offering his services, himself, his body, soul, all Lazarus to save Zahara.

"But wrench thou the boat from these craven fellows and I will reach her by the God of our fathers! I save Zahara!"

Annas, in the naturalness of the awful moment, held out his hand and grasped the hand of the builder. The two men swayed together on one mighty impulse. They ran down into the water, wading out. The High Priest flung a handful of gold into the face of a fisherman, with a force that knocked the fellow flat; and snatching his boat from him, hauled it into the water. Lazarus sprang in. Then the senses of the High Priest returned to him.

"Are you familiar with seacraft?" He asked suddenly, "Can you row well?"

"No," answered the inland mechanic, "Not well. But I have handled oars. I can get to her."

"She is safer without you," answered the High Priest, coldly. The storm was now a tempest. It bellowed at the two men, so that they could with difficulty hear each other's voices through the blast. The lake had become a certain of cloud, and wind, and night. The High Priest stood distractedly calling certain slaves of his, and urging them into boat.

"Ho there! In with you! Row forth! Row yonder to your mistress, ye dogs!"

Lazarus, moved by one of the uncontrollable impulses that madden or inspire men, turned from the disheartening scene, and dashed off down the shore upon his own responsibility. Scarcely knowing what he did or why he did it, but urged by the wild longing to get as near as possible to the endangered boat, the young man rushed along the edge of the lake on the leeward side of the storm, making mad haste, scrambling over rock and wrack, and beating onward blindly. Of course if Zahara had crossed the lake, it was a hopeless undertaking to reach a sight of her. But, suppose she had blown out of her way, the boat, unsighted when he left sight, as soon as the clouds should lift, and the course which the lover's instinct took proved not so aimless as it seemed.

Lazarus made, in his wild way, a long distance—miles or leagues, for aught he knew—he had lost all estimate of time or space. Whether it was midnight or morning, if he were in Capernaum or Jerusalem, he knew not, when suddenly, to his blurred and bloodshot eyes there appeared a vision of a little beaten boat, laboring heavily in the sea, and driving slowly toward him half a league out. Lazarus flung all his soul into his voice and called: "Zahara?" But he might as well have summoned the shade of Sarah, the wife of Abraham, from the tomb, as Zahara from that raging expanse of night and sea.

He could see or he seemed to see the pretty purple sail of the toy boat, rent and ruined, flapping to the gale; the silly craft careened like the shell of a dove egg, and lo, while he stood helpless and shouting, and perishing in anguish, the boat did overturn before his eyes, and human figures were spilled into the water like beetles. Then the storm burst with a roar and he saw no more.

When Lazarus came to himself it had lightened a little. A cleft in the mass of angry cloud showed a single star. He crawled to his feet and waded out into the water, madly calling and pleading for Zahara. He waded out and up to his neck, and tried to swim toward the wreck. But he was a poor swimmer, and the waves beat him back. He sank upon the sands and tried nothing more. Despair took him. He no longer even wailed her name, but lay like a dead man, with his face upturned to the awful storm. Now, as he lay there, wild, prone, a helpless lover, suddenly a singular silence fell upon the raving scene. The huge violence of the wind which was over his head came to a stop with concussion. It was a tremendous concussion, like thunder. But thunder it was not, nor was it any sound with the like of which his ears were familiar. The storm simply ceased, as if at a military "Halt!" The clouds overhead lightened, brightened and burst. Sky shone through. The water, still unconquered, leaped, like rebel forces, high to meet it. As the young man crawled to his knees to watch the turmoil of the sea, straining for a sight of the doomed boat, he perceived a remarkable thing.

Straight between the shore and the spot where the boat had overturned, along narrow line of light and calm appeared, cut like a path between billows and foam. Upon this fair and shining waterway, a majestic figure moved. It glided toward the shore, with light feet treading the water as a man treadeth the solid sand. The face of the man could not be seen; but his mien was mighty. In his arms he bore a helpless human form—a woman's—dripping from the sea.

The heart of Lazarus beat as if it would strangle him. His breath came in gasps. He struggled to his feet; then sank again, and fell upon his knees. In the outline and attitude of the commanding figure, something familiar and pathetic seemed to appeal to him. It advanced solemnly. It spoke no word. God was it, or man, or angel, or wraith, or vision?

It moved on majestically. It reached the shore. It stooped above the young man, and gently laid the woman at his feet.

Then Lazarus came to himself, and sprang, and cried out mightily, and clutched after the two figures—the woman's and his who carried her—and his cry rang to the skies, and pierced the shore of Galilee far and wide. But this was the order of the cry:

"Zahara!"

"Master!"

And, whether God or man, whether wraith or angel, the vision answered not; but bent above the young man and the woman in the attitude of benediction; and departed from them in the thick foliage of the lake shore.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Latest Contributions of Publishers and Authors to Literature.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, send "Fort Ancient, Ohio," a volume by Warren K. Moorehead, description of the most remarkable earthwork known of the Mound Builders. The volume is well illustrated, and is a most valuable contribution to antiquarian knowledge.

"Railway Secrecy and Trusts," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, is a discussion of the transportation problem, and quite timely. The same house also sends us "Spring and Summer," a volume of poems by Mrs. T. Washburn; and Edward Bellamy's story, "Six to One," a pleasant novel.

D. Appleton & Co., New York, send us "Falling in Love," a volume of readable essays, by Grant Allen; and "Julius Courtney," a novel, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine*.

Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, publish "The Johnstown Flood," an authoritative account of that disaster, by Rev. David J. Beale, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian church at Johnstown, and an eyewitness of the catastrophe. The volume is excellently illustrated.

Harper & Brothers, New York, send in the second volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of the Four Georges," a most valuable historical work; and "Illustrated History of Ancient Literature," by Prof. John D. Quackenbos—a revised edition of a deservedly popular work.

G. W. Dillingham, New York, sends two paper-covered novels—"The Count of Benzeval," by Alexander Dumas, and "A Fated Promise," by O. P. Caylor.

The John W. Lovell Co., New York, publishes, in their paper-covered "International Series," "A Family Without a Name," by Jules Verne; and "Joshua, a Biblical Picture," by Prof. Georg Ebers—which was recently published as a serial in THE BLADE.

CARRIED OFF BY A GORILLA.

The Startling Adventure Which Befell an African Woman.

"The natives of Africa are cowards in war," said Carl Steckleman, the explorer, to a reporter. "They prefer to take prisoners, and comparatively few of their enemies are killed outright. They are afraid to strike, for fear they will receive a more damaging blow in return. They make slaves of their prisoners, and the captives have a sorry time. Of all enemies they dread the gorilla most, and he is a foe that no man dare despise. He will fight at sight. Numbers do not deter him. He is so human and so desperate in his defense that the Africans have long learned that a fight with a gorilla is a fight to the death.

"This dreadful animal keeps to the woods, as it is necessary for him to grasp hold of the boughs as he walks on his hind legs. It is, therefore, comparatively safe if he is on the prairie. There are some extraordinary things told of the gorilla. I will relate one of them. I had always heard it said that a gorilla would not harm a woman. This is the common belief in some towns.

"One day we came to a village in which one hut had been built apart from the rest. We inquired for the reason of this, and found that it had been dedicated to a witch. This witch was greatly revered. She had been the wife of a gorilla. This woman had lived in a village in a house which stood on the edge of the forest. A great tree overhung her shanty. In the village all trees had been cut down as a precaution against the gorillas. One night one of these animals came out of the forest, got up into the big tree which overhung the woman's house, climbed down on the roof, threw the roof off, swung down into the hut, seized the woman, climbed up through the hole in the roof, up into the tree, and went away into the woods, carrying the woman with him.

"The gorilla's great strength made this an easy thing for him to do. He could hold her in one arm, and with his two hind legs and his one free forearm make his way up and down trees or through the woods. The woman was gone for many days. The people saw that her house roof had been torn off. They looked carefully around the house and saw that there were no tracks whatever. They then knew that the dread enemy had carried her off.

"One day she came back. She told a wonderful story. The gorilla had carried her for miles into the woods, and finally had climbed a great tree and deposited her in its home. There he treated her very kindly, brought her food and drink, but would not permit her to leave. After watching her carefully for many days he finally left her, probably intending to return in a short time, convinced that she would remain. The woman came down to the ground, and, after wandering in the forest for several days, made her way back to the village. The people at first were about to kill her, but they finally concluded that she was possessed of extraordinary powers. They, therefore, built her a house for herself, supplied her with every comfort and looked up to her as a sacred person."—[Auckland (New Zealand) News.

"I have been afflicted with an affection of the Throat from childhood, caused by diphtheria, and have used various remedies, but have never found anything equal to BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—*Rev. G. M. F. Hampton, Pickston, Ky.* Sold only in boxes.

How Horses are Shod in Holland.

The method of shoeing horses in Holland is a novel one. The animal is driven into a stout frame cage; the three feet on the ground are hobbled so that no kicking can be indulged in, then the foot that is to be shod is lifted to the desired position and lashed fast to a stout cross bar so that the smith can work at it from all sides, as though it was held in a vice on a work bench. These docile horses submit to being so bound, but an American or English horse would in most cases resist until he was ruined if so treated. The cost of an entire set of new shoes is three guilders, or $1.20. American nails were used, although the shoes were of local manufacture.

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HETIE GREEN IN COURT.

The Richest Woman in America Before Judge Collins in Chicago.

Among the legal and financial lights assembled in Judge Collins' court, says the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, one in particular shone resplendent, although her garb was simple, and her utterances brief. This was Mrs. Hettie Green, the richest woman in America, who lives in New York, or, rather, in Brooklyn, and she only makes occasional visits to Chicago, although she owns a very fair portion of its area. This time she came here "incog." for she had a purpose to accomplish, and she did not care to be heralded with trumpets, or in any other manner.

Section 21 in Cicero had been sold for less than what she thought its value, and she wanted to know the reason why.

Mrs. Green shows her down-east origin, but she shows it nicely. "A kind, motherly looking woman," one would naturally say after looking at her. The weight of her millions—fifty is the generally credited number—have borne as lightly on her apparently as the weight of her 50 years. Her hair is tinged with gray, but no more; and her face is as free from wrinkles, and her eyes as bright as though it were as easy a thing to be rich as to be poor. Her dress was of plain brown woolen material, her cloak a quiet affair, her hat modest and sensible, and her ornaments simple but tasteful. A sealskin muff was the only article of apparel approaching elegance, but the effect of the whole costume, with the smiling, cheerful lady within it, was as far from the current descriptions of the New York press as it well could be. Mrs. Green was accompanied by the young man familiarly known as "Eddie" Green, to whom she lovingly alluded as her "dear son," and if surface indications are to be believed there is just as much affection existing between them as the newspapers alluded to claim there is dislike—and this is saying a good deal.

While the lawyers were hurling adjectives, quotations, and other verbal missiles at one another, Mrs. Green talked to the newspaper man. "I'm so agitated over this Cicero matter that I can scarcely think of anything else," said she. "I wanted to keep possession of the section, and had intended to make a public park of the larger portion of it, leaving lands on either side for railroad purposes. You know the land was sold at a master's sale for far below its value, and this sale we are trying to set aside. I inherited my interests in this land from my father, and it was ordered sold because of the interest held in it by the Hyman heirs. I was forced to consent to the sale, but I decidedly object to its being sold for less than its value. Its purchase by the Grant Locomotive Works was a speculation as they only intended to use 24 of the 661 acres for their plant." Mrs. Green was decided in her remarks concerning the locomotive works, and hinted at legal proceedings more violent than usually come before Judge Collins.

"How much am I worth?" she said in response to a question. "I don't know. Not quite $50,000,000, as you say, but considerable money. I own land in nearly every city in the United States, and have bank stock and lots of other valuable things besides. The rise in Chicago land values has benefited me immensely, and I think there is a further increase in store. I am not selling any property myself, and don't intend to for sometime at least. Bank failures make one fearful, and I find for an investment there is nothing like land."

After a break for a moment while she listened to the rattling of the hot shot of the oratory of one of her lawyers, Mrs. Green continued: "I am a very happy woman. The Lord has blessed me above others, I know, and I think I made good use of my opportunities. My charities are large, although I give without ostentation. Why, I have endowed over a hundred churches and established fifty schools, and benevolent objects absorb a large portion of my income, and Eddie will continue the good work after I am gone." Mr. Green smiled and nodded as his mother turned toward him, and the bargain was made.

"Do I like Chicago? That I do," said Mrs. Green, "and Eddie is so infatuated with the town that I expect he will make his home here permanently. We have such large interests here that he could well devote his entire time to their supervision. I may in a few years locate here myself."

Being asked whether she would build a house and entertain in style commensurate with her financial standing, Mrs. Green made explanation of the simplicity of her habits by saying: "I am a Quaker, and my early training disinclined me toward pomp and show. My family has been wealthy for five generations, and we need make no display to insure recognition of our position. I will not improve my Chicago property immediately," said she. "But Eddie will look after that, and one of these days all my acres and blocks will be improved. When I once begin I will not stop until all the work is completed."

Nobody knows how much land Mrs. Green owns in and around Chicago. Her rent roll is only a portion of the story, as the larger part of her property is unimproved. Estimates vary from $3,000,000 to $7,000,000, but as none of the land ever comes on the market, its value, as its extent, remains an unknown quantity.

Contrary to the general impression, Mrs. Green is not a widow. Her husband usually accompanies her on her travels, but this time her journey was with her daughter, a young lady 18 years of age. The son and daughter are Mrs. Green's only children.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
For Wakefulness,
Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system.

ROLLICKING BANDITS THESE.

The Undignified Way in Which They Right Peasant Wrongs in Servia.

Some twenty extraordinary bandits have been terrorizing the peasants in the vicinity of the small village of Bela Erkwa, West Servia, for the last two years. Nine days out of every ten they pass in a decent and orderly fashion in their mountain home. On the tenth day they descend in a body on some little village, plunder the well-to-do citizens with moderation, and right the wrongs of the community according to their own unique ideas of justice. The Belgrade newspapers recently gave the particulars of the last raid of these Continental White Caps. The town clock was just striking midnight in Bela Erkwa when the leader of the gang entered the door of the village tavern. He found the parson and the town council and the other big bugs in a very mellow condition. The sight disgusted the bandit very much. He had the landlady lock all the doors and give him the key. Then he scolded the twenty men present severely for their intemperance and boxed the ears of the parson and mayor. At 12:30 o'clock he had filled the fifteen fellow-topers into suit with them as to the best way of punishing the drunken dignitaries. The parson was voted to be the worst offender and the landlady next to the worst. The parson was laid across a table face downward and the landlady was compelled to spank him hard fifty times with a piece of two-inch plank. Salt and red pepper were rubbed on the parson's skin where the landlady's stout arm and the plank had torn it, and he was asked how much money he had. About $6. The bandit chief took $5.50. The landlady was fined $400 by the White Cap court for getting the parson and town Council full. She protested she hadn't a cent in the world. She was placed under the same treatment from the parson and the plank that she and the plank had given to the parson. This brought $25 from her cash drawer. A peasant, whose sister had saved $8 for her marriage dowry, fetched the money from home during the ensuing armistice, and gave it to the landlady to help her pay her fine. The bandit chief told the land ady she must give back the dowry within a week, and, to impress his instructions on her memory, burned a little cross on the back of her hand with a red-hot iron. He allowed her six months in which to get the $367 still due him on his $400 demand. Just as the chief began to make a little farewell speech, he was interrupted by a building contractor who had recently signed an agreement with the town council to erect a $275 church for $237. The contractor explained that the council had held him to his contract, although he had told them that the contract would ruin him. The chief had the town clerk produce the contract in question, burn it up, and draw up another, in which the builder was allowed $300 for his work. After the contract had been duly signed and sealed the bandit drank a bottle of wine, sang a patriotic song, led a triple cheer for the Servian king and bade the parish ring Dupont of Bela Erkwa good-by, with the warning that he would return in three months to see that every one whom he had taken under his protection was getting his rights.

Doesn't Even Need Barnum.
Washington Critic.

Now that Dr. Talmage has returned, New York does not need a World's Fair.

Death to the Parasites,

Which hide between the gums and teeth, and eat into them to their destruction. SOZODONT is master of the situation. Whoever uses it regularly after every meal, and cleanses his teeth and mouth, will soon be rid of the parasites.

REDFERN GOWNS AND WRAPS.

Something That Will Interest All Ladies in Society.

Redfern's gowns are known the world over, and there is an individuality in their cut, make-up and general appearance that is at once recognizable in the fashionable world. Ladies who have once enjoyed the luxury of a perfectly-fitting Redfern gown or wrap cannot be induced to try any other maker, and as a consequence the range of Redfern garments is extending every year.

A MODEL GOWN.

An exceedingly stylish walking gown is made in a "Maple Brown" lady's cloth. The bodice is braided in three points in front, with black Russian braiding, and fastened down the side under the arms, which is an entirely new idea. The skirt is gracefully draped with a handsome, braided panel on the right side, so much used by "Redfern." A large, soft "Maple Brown" felt hat, with black ostrich plumes, completes this artistic attire.

A REDFERN WRAP.

The above sketch shows a very handsome short wrap by "Redfern." It is composed of black velvet, the under part fitting to the figure, an oversleeve which is lined back with a very pretty shade of gold mervelleux and is elaborately embroidered in gold bullion cords in a trailing design. An edging of gathered trimming goes all round, which makes a pretty and effective finish to the garment. A picturesque hat of black velvet, with grebelet sage and gold bullion ribbons, completes the whole costume, which is exceedingly stylish and elegant.

GOSSIP ABOUT ROYALTY.

The Cost of Royalty.

Royalty may be a very fine thing, but it comes high. There is a little book published every year in London, and known as "Whitaker's Almanac," which gives some interesting information concerning the cost of royalty in England. Counting the pound sterling as $5, the sums granted to the royal family last year were as follows: The queen's salary, $1,925,000; revenues of the queen as duchess of lancaster, $250,000; allowance to the prince of Wales, $200,000; revenues of the prince as duke of Cornwall, $310,000; allowance to the princess of Wales, $50,000; allowance to the children of the prince of Wales, $180,000; allowances to other children of the queen, $470,000; royal pensions not enumerated, $127,000, making a total of $3,312,200 for the royal family proper. The collateral branches have to be provided for, and thus it is that numerous petty princes have large salaries and nothing to do.

Besides all of these her majesty has what is called the royal household, composed in part of dukes, earls and marquises, who get big pay for going on parade occasionally, and the salaries of some of whom are much less than their perquisites. It should be mentioned that if by chance any work should fail to these people it is done by proxy and paid for by the government. For instance, the master of the queen's horse gets $12,000 a year. He has a nice easy job, for he does nothing and he has numerous assistants. He has a crown equerry at $4,000 a year, seven equerries in ordinary who get from $2,500 to $3,000 each, and extra equerries and equerries honorary. Besides, he is provided with a superintendent of the royal mews, a clerk, storekeeper, two veterinary surgeons, a state coachman and an accountant. It appears that a few grooms do the real work. The grand almoner gets $15,000 a year for distributing coronation medals on the day a sovereign is crowned, and he is "assisted" by a lord high almoner. The master of the buck hounds gets $7,500 a year, but there hasn't been a royal stag hunt for several centuries. Likewise a royal hawk is a thing of the dim past, but the grand falconer gets $4,875 a year, and he probably grumbles because he has no assistant. It is out of the question to mention one-half of these sinecures, to say nothing of those outside of the royal household. There are twenty-two dukes, twenty marquises, 115 earls, twenty-seven viscounts and 282 barons who must be supported. Yes, royalty is a very fine thing for those who hold the sinecures, but it is bad for the middle classes, who pay the taxes. It is not surprising that republics are gaining in popularity.

A Flirt at Seventy.

Mme. Bonaparte Wyse Ratazzi de Rute has just married off her daughter, Mlle. Isabella Roma Ratazzi, to the Spanish deputy Senor Villanova de la Cuadra.

It does not sound like a very brilliant match for the daughter of Ratazzi and the great grand-daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, especially as the young lady is exceedingly pretty.

I never saw more superb eyes in my life than she possesses, large and black and brilliant, with the soft expression and tender luster of the orbs of a young gazelle, writes a correspondent. But the man who would be willing to accept "La Ratazzi" as a mother-in-law must be a stout-hearted gentlemen or else very much in love.

She was one of the most gifted women of her day, remarkably beautiful, exceedingly fascinating, a talented authoress, a gifted amateur actress, and withal a near relation of Emperor Napoleon III.

But all these qualities were neutralized by a wild bohemianism of nature, whose demonstrations out-Heroded Herod. She has quieted down within the last few years, and no wonder, for she must be well on to 70 years of age, and is as deaf as a post, though she still poses as a flirt and a beauty.

Stopped the Queen's Train.

Two or three years ago, as Queen Victoria was journeying from Balmoral to Windsor, the royal train was stopped by something, the like of which had never before happened in any railroad man's experience.

The signalman at a certain junction had lighted his lamps, and everything apparently was safe for the passage of the royal train. As the train approached, however, the engineer noticed that one of the signal lights had been extinguished, and instantly brought the engine and cars to a standstill.

On inspecting the lamp it was found to contain a swarm of bees, so numerous that they had put out the light, by which they had evidently been attracted.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

(Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.)

HOW ABOUT THIS?

Has Been Saying Nothing, But "Sawing a Heap of Wood."

I HAVE been sitting in the shadows near the Camp Fire for a long time, listening to the old comrades "swap" lies; and what a great lot of old grey-headed liars they are. I would like to remind my comrades that they are getting on the shady side of life, and as it is only a matter of a few years when they must report to the Great Commander and be "accounted for," it is high time they polish up their accoutrements and get on clean shirts, lest they fail at the "grand inspection." But let us hope that this one weakness will be overlooked. It is no sin now, for the dear old fellows have told those "same old lies" so long and so often, that they have become (to them) the veritable truth; and, besides, I am "something of a liar myself!" However, I have great fears for Comrade Knight; it is hard to say what the officer of the guard will do, when he finds Daniel disgraced by having snatched the hat off that poor old gray-haired cripple. I have heard of some of "Sherman's bummers" who snatched cornbread from the "pickaninnies," so, perhaps, Dan may pass in the crowd and get inside the lines at last.

I remember how mean and "sneaking" I felt the first time I took anything without tendering pay. It was while on the Rossean raid into Central Alabama. We were under strict orders not to take our horses out of the ranks, so I dismounted and ran ahead to a house near the road. Our company was immediately in rear of the advance guard and the house had not been visited. I entered without ceremony and found the table spread for breakfast. There was an old-fashioned "short-cake," nice butter, a pitcher of strained honey, and another containing milk. The family, consisting of a couple past middle age and two grown daughters, had evidently been disturbed in their morning devotions by the approach of our column, as an open bible lay on a small stand near which they were grouped. I had no time to be polite, for my horse was coming along in the ranks, so I went straight to the table, broke the shortcake in two pieces, and took the largest piece. I split the pieces and spread it liberally with butter, poured on some of the honey and closed the "sandwich." Then I grabbed the milk pitcher, filled my canteen, and rushed from the house in time to catch my horse as he came up. I had a breakfast fit for a king, but I think the honey was a trifle embittered and the milk a little soured, by the looks of surprise and just indignation which I saw in the faces of the family during my short call. But during the next hour or so, occupied by our brigade in passing, the family were no doubt surprised and shocked to such an extent that in comparison, my division of the shortcake appeared the very essence of modesty and propriety. I would like to hear from any of my old regiment, or of the 17th N. Y. Zouaves, and would not mind entering for a "lying match" with any of the camp.—H. W. HUNT, Co. E, 9th O. Vol. Cav., Toledo, O.

HE WAS A "BRICK,"

And His Comrade "Squeals" a Bit, in a Good-Natured Way.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I was elated to see a chip to the Camp Fire from S. W. Young, the last man on our roll. Yes, Old Boy Sam, I remeber a thousand things about that "five years' breakfast spell," and the part the 37th Ills. took, under that grand soldier and drill-master, General J. C. Black. We never went into winter quarters for a single month, and marched more miles than any other volunteer regiment.

Sam, you were a "brick;" but I'm not going to "spell" on you so seriously that you can't show this to your wife—that is Jack?—poor Jack, lying over there dead!" "Where's the dim?" "I saw Jim fall when I was shot." Then they both cried. I never knew what became of my prisoner. I heard that he was shot by one of the provost guards, but hope such is not the case. I helped hold those guns until 10 o'clock at night, until relieved. It would please me if some one who knows would tell what became of my prisoner. If he is still alive I would like to shake hands with him, and tell him how glad I am that I did not kill him as I intended. Hope to hear from some of the old 70th.—J. H. RENTZEL, Co. C, 70th Ind., Waterville, Kan.

A NOVEL PLAN

By Which Thirsty Comrades Filled Their Canteens With Whisky.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In 1863 we encamped near Brandy Station to spend the winter. We erected log cabins and were soon snugly fixed, except that money was very scarce, not having received our pay for six months. The suggestive name of Brandy Station didn't prevent some of the boys from getting extremely "dry." Our camp was situated at the foot of a hill, and to the rear of the camp, up the hill, was the regiment "commissary." A detail from our regiment was doing duty at the commissary. A comrade named Graves one day returned from guard duty with the information that a barrel of whisky, with a faucet in one end, was standing at the rear of the great commissary tent. Fortunately, this same comrade possessed a rubber hose, which he picked up during the summer at a plantation, and which he had carried in his knapsack for four months. The self-sacrificing fellow hit upon a plan whereby we might obtain a portion of the contents of that whisky barrel, "without money and without price." A few of the comrades were let into the secret, and that night we gathered up all the canteens we could find. The night was propitious, for rain poured down and it was dark as Egypt. Comrade Graves brought out his hose, and taking one end, ascended the hill in the rear of the commissary and attached it to the faucet in the barrel. At a given signal we applied the canteens to the opposite end of the hose and had the satisfaction of having them all quickly filled with liquor. The canteens were passed around, and by noon next day there were not enough sober men in camp to preserve order, and the officers were at their wits' end.—OLD SOLDIER, Co. C, 11th N. Y. Inft.

SHORT LETTERS.

BROKE HIM IN.—I was a soldier three years and was initiated into the service by helping bury the dead at Bull Run, the bodies having lain in the Virginia sun for about two days. For green troops it was a sickening sight.—R. C. ANDERSON, Co. F, 139th P. V. I., Perrysville, Pa.

ALL QUIET.—What has become of the Army of the Potomac? Truly it can now be said that "all is quiet on the Potomac." Did not we do anything worth telling? Or have the boys all gone into the last camp? Would like to hear from comrades of the 2d Div., 24 A. C.—R. J. RIDER, Co. H, 108th N. Y. V. I., Paw Paw, Mich.

FROM THE LAND OF THE JAMES'S.—Where are the boys of the 15th corps? and the 40th and 103d Ills., 6th Iowa and 46th Ohio? They were frequently heard from both north and south, from '61 to '65. Have they forgotten the four in the south, during which many of their comrades received passports over the "dark and turbid river?" What about Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Resaca, Dallas, Kenesaw, Atlanta, Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain? Who made the first kettle of hominy, using corn the mules had left, at Holly Springs? Who was called out of the ranks at Resaca, to shoot at the rebel dare-devil? The letter from Comrade Owens, Co. K, 3d Wis., concerning the battle of Resaca, impels these queries. Let us hear from you, boys.—C. MARTIN, Co. C, 40th O. V. V. I., Civil Head, Mo.

JEFF'S HOTEL.—I enlisted in Co. C, 17th Iowa infantry, in March, 1862. At Huntsville, Ala., I got a short vacation, during my three years' service, which I spent at old Jeff's chief hotel, better known as Libby Prison. I would like to see something from old comrades of my brigade, composed of the 80th Ohio, 50th Ill., 18th Mo., and 17th Iowa.—DANIEL SPENCER, Cresswell, Oregon.

SNOW CLAD HILLS.—On the morning of December 13, 1864, Gen. Thomas ordered us out from Nashville, after Gen. Hood. Encountering the enemy about 9 a. m., they made charge after charge on the enemy, we, meanwhile, punting in our best work on the hill. Finally the rebels stubbornly but surely began to fall back. We were ordered down the hill to the right on a charge. But the rebels made no resistance, firing only a few shot. A stray bullet struck Comrade Vaughn in the leg, and as he fell near me a company officer ordered another comrade and myself to carry the wounded man to the rear; and thus ended that day's battle as far as I was concerned. Will some of the other comrades write their experience of this terrible battle at Nashville, Tenn.?—JOSEPH GRIFFITH, Co. F, 4th Tenn. Cav., Grapevine, Texas.

FOOLED 'EM.

Thought It Was a Huge Joke—Got Lonesome.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—While we were in the vicinity of Shepherdsville, Ky., along the line of the L. & N., a member of our company, having become unruly, was assigned to extra duty. One very disagreeable night this soldier was placed on guard at the fort at Shepherdsville. About 10 o'clock we heard the command, "Halt, halt, halt!" Bang! went an Enfield. Next thing was the "long roll," and we all tumbled out of warm quarters to help "Al" keep the enemy away. We found the guard "holding the fort," and he said the rebels had crossed the railroad; he heard their sabers click on the rails, and knew there was an immense lot of them.

Capt. Sonner telegraphed to Louisville for re-enforcements, and we took charge of the fort until the re-enforcements came. Two hours later a trainload of bluecoats arrived. We waited, expecting every moment to hear the whistle of minie-balls, but daylight came and no signs of the Johnnies, so the Louisville boys returned home.

The guard, who caused all the commotion, afterwards stated that he heard no rebels that night, but he was lonesome and wanted company! The letter from Comrade Himes, of the 3d O. H. A., reminded me of the above incident.—W. A. C., Co. A, 2d O. H. A., Middletown, Mo.

CAPTURED A JOHNNY,

After Having Failed to Prod Him With a Bayonet.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—On Sunday, May 15, 1864, the 1st Brig. (3d Div., 20th A. C.), after moving from the right to the left, halted, and the men began filling their canteens from a running brook near by, preparatory to something, they knew not what, exactly. Gen. Butterfield rode up to Gen. Ward, commanding the 1st Brig., and said:

"Gen. Ward, call your brigade to attention, very quietly, so as to make no unnecessary noise, and charge that hill in front"; and with his finger he pointed toward the hill covered with pine brush.

Gen. Ward, in stentorian tones that could be heard a mile away, shouted: "Atten-tion, battalion!"

Gen. Butterfield reprimanded him for making so much noise, and repeated his command. The second time Gen. Ward yelled "attention, battalion," as loud as he could yell. Then Butterfield told Ward to step to the rear, and ordered Col. Harrison to lead our brigade into the fight. We charged across an open field under a heavy fire from our right. Oh, how wicked those bullets did whistle, as we rushed up that hill. My cap was shot off my head—no time to stop—went on bareheaded.

Just as we got near the top of the hill, a battery of four brass howitzers belched forth almost in our faces, the smoke puffing in our eyes. One gunner was riddled to pieces. I came up to one of these guns, stepped in on the wheel and then jumped to the ground. I came over the gun I saw four rebs "bunkered" down in the pit under the gun. One of them jumped up and tried to get away. An officer ordered me to run my bayonet through the Johnny. I gave a thrust at him, but missed him; then made a second thrust, missing him again, and running my bayonet into the cannon hub. He yelled, "For God's sake don't kill me!" I told him to fumble over the works, which he did, and I followed also, as by this time the firing was terrible. I fell over onto the man I had tried to kill. He asked me what regiment I belonged to, what those blue stars meant, and lots of other questions. Soon a wounded rebel was seen crawling along, who was recognized by the prisoner at my side. They called each other by their given names. Then the man at my side says, "Where is Jack?" "Poor Jack, lying over there dead." "Where is Jim?" "I saw Jim fall when I was shot." Then they both cried. I never knew what became of my prisoner. I heard that he was shot by one of the provost guards, but hope such is not the case. I helped hold those guns

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address must be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decide bets.

7.—No replies by mail, under *any* circumstances.

Joseph Smith and Mormonism.

J. H. G., Burlington, Iowa: Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism, was born at Sharon, Vt., December 23, 1805. His parents removed to Palmyra, N. Y. The family was disreputable, and Smith's early education was defective. With the aid of Sidney Rigdon, he brought out the "Book of Mormon," which was declared to have been found, under divine guidance, by Smith, engraved on metal plates and preserved in a stone box; it was alleged to be composed of gold plates 8 by 6 inches in size, the book being 6 inches thick. These leaves are said to be engraved with characters in the "reformed Egyptian language" (no such language is now or ever being known, however), and was accompanied by a pair of spectacles, which Smith called the "Urim and Thummim," by looking through which he was able to read the characters. It may also be said that no one ever saw those gold plates; Smith never showed them to any one, and no one knows what went with them. Hence it is safe to say they never existed. The book was published in 1830. It claims to give a history of America from the time of the tower of Babel down to the fifth century of the Christian era, and imparts the novel information that Christ preached in America.

Smith began preaching in 1830, and in 1831 founded the first Mormon congregation of 30 members from New York to Kirtland, O. Here they lived seven years. Smith was obliged to fly, for fraudulent banking and other crimes, and the Mormons followed him to Far West, Mo., where they were driven in 1838, and settled in Illinois, where they founded Nauvoo. Here Smith, in 1843, introduced polygamy, under a pretended revelation from God. Several men, whose wives had been taken by Smith, revolted and established an opposition press, which Smith, with a Mormon mob, destroyed. Warrants were issued against Smith and others, for this offense, but Smith refused to be arrested. The state militia was called out and Smith was paraded to go to jail. A mob, fearing his escape, broke into the jail to kill Smith and others. Smith defended himself with a revolver till he was shot dead.

The so-called "Book of Mormon" bears internal evidence of being a fabrication. It is a clumsy piece of work, modeled on the Biblical style, written by one who had no knowledge of foreign languages. Its parallelisms is clearly forced, as people as numerous and as civilized as the race whose history it purports to give would have left traces of their habitations, their implements, etc., which the claims of the book that the Indians are descended from them will not stand for an instant against the simple fact that the traditions of the Indians show no trace of such descent, nor does their rude religion show descent from christianity, as it assuredly would. Religious traditions are remarkable for preserving their form for ages, even among the rudest savages; and as the Book of Mormon brings its pretended history down to A. D. 384, the time would be short to bring over by tradition the Sun-worshipers of Persia have a religion that has come down for least 4,000 years. At the time Smith produced the Book of Mormon the West was full of religious discussion and fermentation, the topics there discussed among the people are conspicuous in the Book of Mormon, showing its modern origin conclusively. No man of any learning has ever examined the book but pronounces it an impudent forgery. Smith once gave a priest, just before leaving for the East a copy of the inscription on one of the golden plates he professed to have found (but which nobody ever saw), to a friend, who took it to Prof. Anthon, of New York, one of the best linguists and echolars of the day, who, under date of February 17, 1834, said the characters "consisted of all kinds of crooked characters, disposed in columns, and had evidently been prepared by some person who had before him, at the time, a book containing various alphabets. Greek and Hebrew letters, crosses and flourishes, Roman letters inverted and placed sideways, were arranged in perpendicular columns." It is certain the Book of Mormon is a fraud, and it matters little how the fraud was perpetrated.

U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis.

W. L. E., Dresden, Mo.: 1.—There are allowed at the academy one naval cadet for each member or delegate of the United States House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large. The superintendent of the Navy, as soon after March 5 in each year as possible, must notify in writing each member or delegate of the House of Representatives and delegate of the Territories of the vacancy or vacancies that may exist in his district. The nomination of a candidate to fill the vacancy is made on the recommendation of the member or delegate, by the secretary. Candidates must be actual residents of the districts from which they are nominated.

The course of naval cadets is six years, the last two of which are spent at sea. All candidates at the time of their examination for admission must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen years and physically sound, well formed and of robust condition. They enter the academy immediately after passing the prescribed examinations, and are required to sign articles binding themselves to serve in the United States navy eight years (including the time of probation at the Naval academy), unless sooner discharged. The pay of a naval cadet is five hundred dollars a year, beginning at the date of admission.

Appointments to fill all vacancies that occur during a year in the lower grades of the Line and Engineer corps of the Navy and of the Marine corps are made from the naval cadets, graduates of the year, and the candidate of first six years course in the order of merit as determined by the Academic board of the Naval academy. At least ten appointments are made from such graduates each year. Surplus graduates who do not receive such appointments are given certificates of graduation, an honorable discharge, and one year's sea pay, as provided for naval cadets.

The academy was founded in 1845, by the Hon. George Bancroft, secretary of the Navy in the administration of President Polk. It was formally opened October 10 of that year, with Commander Franklin Buchanan as superintendent. During the civil war it was removed from Annapolis, Md., to Newport, R. I., but was returned to the former place in 1865. It is under the direct supervision of the Navy department. Captain William T. Sampson, U. S. N., is the present superintendent.

2.—Rupture is a bar to appointment either at West Point or Annapolis.

Arbor Day.

H. H. H., Dallas, Wis.: Arbor Day is a holiday devoted to tree planting. The first suggestion of tree-planting under the direction of State authority was made by B. G. Northrop, then Secretary of the Connecticut Board of Education, about 1865, in an official state report. In 1876 the same gentleman was induced to stimulate "centennial tree-planting" by the offer of prizes to the children of Connecticut. But the idea of setting apart a day for the work had originated with ex-Governor J. Sterling Morton, of Nebraska, who about 1875 induced the Governor of the State to issue a proclamation appointing a day for the planting of trees throughout the State. A year or two later the day was made a legal holiday by enactment of the Legislature, and provision was made for awarding premiums to those who put out most trees in its observance. It is said that nearly 700,000,000 Arbor Day trees are now in thriving condition on the prairie tracts of the State. The example of Nebraska was soon followed by Kansas, and with grand results. Arbor Day in Minnesota, observed in 1876, resulted, it is said, in planting over a million and a half of trees. In Michigan the Arbor Day law was passed in 1881, and in Ohio in 1882. Since then Arbor Day has been observed in Colorado, Wisconsin, West Virginia, Indiana, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Florida, Alabama, Missouri, California, Kentucky, Maine and Georgia. In several other states its observance has been secured by the recommendation of the grange, the Grand Army of the Republic, or by state agricultural societies. While at the outset economic tree planting was the primary aim, the adornment of home and school grounds soon followed. On the first Ohio Arbor Day, the children of Cincinnati joined in an attractive celebration, in the form of public memorial trees and dedicating them to authors, statesmen, and other distinguished citizens. B. G. Northrop says, concerning the value of the observance of Arbor Day: "While forests should not be planted on our rich arable lands, there are in New England and all the Atlantic states large areas of barrens worthless for field crops, that may be profitably devoted to wood-growing. The feasibility of reclaiming our most sterile wastes is proved by many facts both at home and abroad. Our Atlantic sand plains were once covered with forests and can be re-forested. Over 10,000 acres on Cape Cod, which 30 years ago were barren, sandy plains, are now covered with thriving planted forests."

Delaware's Curved Boundary.

G. S. G., Newport, N. Y., writes: "In the Bureau of Jan. 30 you leave the 'circular northern boundary question' to the readers. I had some curiosity in regard to this peculiar outline, and upon searching the American Encyclopedia, under Delaware, find the following: 'At length William Penn, having obtained a grant of Pennsylvania, and being desirous of owning the land on the west bank of the Delaware to the sea, procured from the Duke of York a release of all his title and claim to New Castle and 12 miles round it, and to the land between this tract and the sea.' New Castle will, upon inspection of a map, be recognized as the center of the circle, an arc of which bounds Delaware on the north. The 'three lower counties on the Delaware or territories' formed part of Pennsylvania for twenty years.

I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer for coughs and colds. A few doses cured me. It is a WONDERFUL REMEDY, writes G. L. Walker, a prominent citizen of Pawtucket, R. I. 25c., 50c and $1 per bottle.

ALL DEALERS SELL IT.

Withdrawal of National Bank Circulation.

C. E., Alexanderville, O.: 1.—There never was a distinct party on the "Abolition" party. You refer to the "Free Soil" party. It did not nominate separate candidates for President in 1856 and 1860.

2.—This questioner asks: "Why is the national bank currency being contracted or retired at this period, when there is so much capital seeking investment, and especially when the stock of every well-managed national bank usually commands a premium?" A national bank must deposit U. S. bonds in the treasury, it receiving 90 per cent of the face of the bonds in notes, which it can issue. Now let us figure a little. For every $900 of notes it issues, a national bank must deposit $1,000 in bonds. At the present market price, these will cost about $1,27[illegible]. Hence it is plain that it is better, under present conditions, to loan the $1,270 direct, instead of the $900. That is the reason national banks are withdrawing their circulation, selling their bonds, and using the money direct. You must remember that the issuing of notes is only a small part of the business of a bank. Many banks issue none at all.

Where Pigeon's Ranch Is.

G. C., Santa Fe, N. M., writes: "L. H., Winnemucca, Nev., wishes to know where Pigeon's Ranch is. It is just 22 miles, a little south of east, on the old stage road to the states, from Santa Fe. We call it Glorieta. There was another battle fought about six or seven miles nearer Santa Fe, or fifteen miles from it, also on the same road, which was called the battle of Canzenieta. I was at Pigeon's ranch talking to Mr. Pigeon the same day the first Texan spy company came there, and I have forgotten the dates of the battles, but I saw them both. I have been here nearly 36 years, and know the above are facts as to distance." This must close the discussion of this matter in the Bureau.

Electric Street Railways.

L. W. P., Plymouth, Iowa, asks: "Please explain the principle of electric street cars." A heavy bronze wire, about ¼ inch in diameter, is suspended, insulated, over the center of the track, from one end to the other, some 8 or 10 feet above the roof of the cars. This is the conductor for the electricity, generated by powerful dynamos, run by steam, in the power house, which may be located at either end of the line. Each car has projecting from the roof a long arm, bearing at its upper end a small brass wheel, or "trolley," grooved; the arm is pressed upward by a spring, so that the groove in the trolley is filled by the connecting wire. The electricity is conveyed from the wire, through the trolley, and thence by wires down under the car, where an electric motor is connected with an axle. At the front end of the car is a lever, and the "motor-man" locks this constantly, turning more or less current on the motor, or shutting it off entirely, to stop the car. The current, after passing through the motor, goes into the iron car-wheels, thence to the rails, which form a return circuit.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Examination Questions.

W. B., Napoleon, O.: When a man's shadow at noon on June 21 is directly downward, he is on the Tropic of Cancer. 2.—It is night in the North Frigid Zone from Sept. 20 to March 21. 3.—The "Northwest Territory" embraced all the states north of the Ohio river, from Pennsylvania westward to the Mississippi. Look on the map and name them.

J. D., Napoleon, O.: 1.—The constitution provides for a census every ten years; the first was taken in 1790, and the eleventh will be taken this year. 2.—The first treaty of alliance formed with a foreign nation was with France. 3.—A new state is admitted by act of Congress, under whatever conditions Congress sees fit to impose. You will find all about the four new states in last week's BLADE.

The above two sets of queries are from examination questions. Don't send us any more; take your schoolbooks and hunt them out for yourselves.

Liquid Egg Preservative.

A. R. M., Johnstown, N. Y., writes: "I noticed your desire for information in regard to pickling limed eggs. I herewith send you a recipe that I got from a merchant who does a large business in putting down eggs. I paid them $10 for the recipe, and I think it as good as can be got for pickling limed eggs.

"For every 100 dozen of eggs use twelve quarts of unslacked lime and one pint of salt. Put eight quarts of unslacked lime at bottom. Put on water and one pint of salt. Put in eggs and cover with factory or cheap cloth. Put the other four quarts of lime on top. See all is kept under water. These eggs, if limed right, and I think generally bring as much within 3 cents a dozen as fresh eggs. Rotten eggs that are put in rotten will not injure the sound unless the sound ones are cracked. Eggs put down in this way will keep, or at least they have been kept, for a year. All cracked eggs spoil."

LL. D.—Sugar and Wool Receipts.

Inquirer, Logan, O.: 1.—The degree of LL. D., or "Doctor of Laws," implies that the recipient has a thorough and profound knowledge of the principles of jurisprudence—sufficient to qualify him as a "teacher," which is what the word "doctor" literally implies.

2.—For our total customs receipts, see Bureau of Feb. 6. The duties collected for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1889, on wool and sugar were as follows:

Wool, raw	$ 5,982,211 76
Manufactures of	41,373,627 05
Total on wool and woolens	$41,355,838 81
Sugar, molasses, etc	$55,995,137 10

3.—During the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889, we imported wool to the value of $17,422,758, of which sugar and molasses to the value of $83,419,276.

The Capitol at Washington.

M. C. F., St. Louisville, O.: 1.—The corner stone of the capitol at Washington was laid by Washington September 18, 1793, and the north wing was ready for Congress on November 17, 1800. The south wing was finished in 1808. The wings were burned by the British August 24, 1814. The reconstruction of the wings was begun in 1815, the foundation of the main building laid March 24, 1818, and the whole of it completed in 1827. An act for its extension was passed in 1850; the corner stone of the extension was laid July 4, 1851, by President Fillmore, the oration being delivered by Daniel Webster. It was finished in 1867.

2.—Mary Magdalene (that is, Mary of the town of Magdala) was not related to Mary, the mother of Christ.

Schopenhauer.

E. A., Baden Baden, Ind.: 1.—Arthur Schopenhauer was a German philosopher, born at Danzig, in 1788. His greatest works were: "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," "Ueber den Willen in der Natur," "Ueber die Freiheit des Willens," and "Ueber das Fundament der Moral." His fundamental doctrine was that the only essential reality in the universe is will; that what are called appearances exist only in the sub-consciousness, and that man merely forms under which the single original will shows itself. He died 1860.

2.—We must refer you to some text-book on astronomy for the theories about the sun's corona.

Fulling Cloth—Pine-apples.

B., Wayne C. H., W. Va.: 1.—The theory of "fulling" woolen cloth is to shrink, thicken and partly felt them, by scouring, soaping, beating and agitating them. There are different methods of accomplishing this, which are too technical for this department.

2.—The pine-apple is not the fruit of a pine; the name is a misnomer. The fruit has a number long, serrated, sharp-pointed, rigid leaves, which spring from the root, like the leaves of a radish or beet. In the middle a short spike of flowers springs up, which is followed by the pine-apple. It is a native of tropical America.

American Colonization Society.

——: 1.—The American Colonization society was organized January 1, 1817, for the purpose of colonizing freedmen from the United States in Africa. In 1822 the first colony was sent to Liberia, and the total number up to 1886 was between 9,000 and 10,000. In 1847 the colony declared itself independent, under the name of Liberia.

2.—By the phrase, "Clay was in the succession," is meant that he was so prominent in his party as to be the most likely candidate for the Presidential nomination. Please paste this in your history. We have answered it seven times within the past year.

Writing to the Sultan.

New Subscriber, Lake City, Iowa: 1.—Hon. Solomon Hersch is the United States envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Turkey. He resides at Constantinople. The only way in which a letter could possibly reach the Sultan would be to send it to our minister and have him present it. Don't do it, however, unless the matter you write about is something in which the minister would be willing to act in his official capacity. Better to write a letter to Mr. Hersch and explain fully what you want to say to the Sultan, and find if he is willing to aid you. It is not any part of his official duties to attend to private affairs of citizens.

Arctic Explorations.

C. H. E., Centerville, Mo.: No "great scientific discovery" is anticipated through reaching the North Pole, even the first Arctic explorations were made with the idea of finding a "northwest passage" by water from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This being impossible because of the ice, the efforts of recent explorers have been simply to reach as far north as possible in a spirit of emulation and national rivalry. We shall be able to explain some problems about ocean currents, etc., when the Arctic region is explored, if it ever is, and that is about all the good that can possibly come of it.

Congressmen Need Not Live in the District.

J. W. R., Manhattan, Kan., asks: "Can a man be elected member of Congress, and hold the office, and not be a resident of the district from which he was elected?"

Yes. The constitution only prescribes that he shall be an inhabitant of the state from which he is chosen. He need not live in the district. There have been two or three instances where men were elected from districts in which they did not reside.

To Become a Reporter.

E. C., Bridgeport, Ind.: The qualifications necessary to a reporter are to be a gentleman, to be able to meet men and converse intelligently and agreeably, to write good, plain English correctly, and to be able to describe events graphically and accurately. The only way to become one is to apply to the editor of some daily paper in person and secure employment. Never write a letter asking a place; it is time wasted. No one will employ a stranger without seeing and talking with him.

Cain's Wife.

E. B. H., Carthage, Mo., asks: "Will you kindly inform me if Cain was married, and, if so, where?"

Why didn't you read Genesis iv, 16, 17, before asking the question? That is all that any one knows about the matter. We know Cain was married, but don't know of whom nor where. Other things are true; either Cain married his own sister, though the Bible gives no account of any sister children of Adam and Eve but Cain and Abel; or else there were other people on the earth at that time. You can take your choice.

Papua, or New Guinea.

J. L. B., Goldendale, Wash.: The Island of New Guinea is the largest on the globe, except Australia, being about 1,500 miles long and nearly 400 broad. The climate is that as it lies under the equator. The race of people inhabiting it are called Papuans (the native name of the island being Papua). They are negroes, with very woolly hair. We know nothing of the interior of the island, as it has never been explored. It probably produces all tropical fruits, etc. The natives live on wild nuts, fish, yams, bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, etc. New Guinea is claimed by Great Britain.

Height of the Great Lakes.

O. F. M., Byron, Ill.: The height of the great lakes above the sea level is as follows:

Lake Superior	630 feet.
Lake Michigan	578 feet.
Lake Huron	578 feet.
Lake Erie	573 feet.
Lake Ontario	231 feet.

The measurement of Lake Erie above given is by the United States survey.

Plastering and Wall-Laying.

J. H. Z., Brownsville, Neb., asks for answers to the following, with formulæ for solving such problems. If some competent person will send to us, we will publish:

1.—How much lime and sand will it take to lay a stone walk 66 feet long, 6 feet high, 1 foot thick? 2.—How much lime, sand and plastering hair will it take to the one hundred yards of plastering? 3.—Give the best method for measuring plastering on the wall.

The "Greater" and "Lesser" Doxologies.

E. A. H., Bartlett, N. D.: 1.—We do not know who first proposed the direct tax bill. 2.—The "greater" doxology is the Gloria in Excelsis, which you will find in any Catholic or Protestant Episcopal prayer book; the "lesser" doxology is the Gloria Patri, which can also be found there. Both doxologies are traced to the earliest periods of the church. 3.—We do not recall them.

Who was the Lad?

A. G. M., of Beebe, Mich.: "Can you publish the name of the lad, spoken of in John vi, 9, who carried the basket that contained the five barley loaves and two fishes?"

We saw a paragraph about this some time ago, but have forgotten the lad's name. If some one will send it we will publish it, though the whole matter is not of any real importance.

Morse, the Telegraph Inventor.

Mrs. G. Z., Centerville, Kan.: Samuel Finley Breese Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was the son of Jedidiah Morse, the geographer. He was born at Charlestown, Mass., April 27, 1791; died in New York, April 2, 1872. We don't know anything of his further ancestry, nor his mother's name.

"Minus" Temperatures.

M. A. L., Springfield, Neb.: When the minus sign stands before figures showing temperature, it means that many degrees before zero. When the Polaris expedition of 1872-3 recorded a temperature of — 40 degrees, it means 40 degrees below zero, or 72 degrees below freezing, as 32 degrees is the freezing point, according to Fahrenheit's scale.

The Mound-Builders.

G. H., Little Sioux, Iowa: The opinion was formerly entertained that the mounds, earthworks, etc., scattered over the Mississippi Valley were the work of an absolutely unknown race, which was supposed to have occupied this country before the Indians. Archæologists now consider them to have been the work of Indians, of the same race as the other red men.

Connecticut's Notched Boundary.

B., Newport, N. Y., asks: "Why does the town of Southwick, Mass., notch the otherwise straight northern boundary of Connecticut?"

We asked our readers for light some weeks ago, and propound the question again.

Stanley's Book.

J. L. B., Goldendale, Wash.: Stanley's account of his latest journey is not yet written. The books that are advertised are not written by him. When the real work is issued it will doubtless be advertised properly.

Miscellaneous.

J. R., Corning, Iowa: We don't know.

S. C., Scioto Vale, Pa.: We have not the recipe you ask for.

E. M. M., Post Oak, Mo.: We never heard of the "ghouls of Haris."

G. H., Sheridan, Mont.: First, we do not know; second, read Rule 3.

W. A. R., Tiger, O.: Your question has been handed to the Farm editor.

D. G. M., Valley Ford, Cal.: You will find "Volapuk" in the Bureau of Jan. 30.

S. F. B., Good Intent, Kan.: We do not publish the Question Bureau in book form.

S. D., Pekin, Ill.: Consult a lawyer. It depends entirely on the law of your state.

T. J. E., Burnside, Ill.: 1.—Ventriloquism can not be learned from a book. 2.—No.

H. R., Lakeview, Mich.: No country loans money to her people on real estate security.

Quill-driver, Fulton, Ark.: Eleanor Kirke is one among the minor writers of the present day.

J. R., Dublin, Ind.: James Whitcomb Riley is the author of "When the Frost is on the Punkin."

Subscriber, Toledo, O.: The great Chicago fire started on the evening of Sunday, October 8, 1871.

E. B., Morley, Colo.: We do not think any premium is offered for greenbacks of the very first issue.

M. A., Dunlap, Kan.: We are unable to tell you what the specimens you send are, without an analysis.

W. L. S., Stockton, Kan.: Thomas Edison, the inventor, is partially deaf now, and has been so for years.

J. W. R., Kingsley, Ore.: You must ask a lawyer about points in your state law. We know nothing about it.

Mrs. E. W. M., Rapid City, S. D.: There is no pension about the matter. Write a postal card and find out about it.

Student, Bolivar, Mo.: All the nations of Europe, save Britain and Turkey, have tariffs more or less protective.

P. D. W., Coldwater, Mich., asks by whom Gen. Ben. McCulloch was shot at the battle of Pea Ridge? Who can answer?

Constant Reader: You should consult a good lawyer. We do not know the land laws of your state (which you did not mention.)

P. S., Brook, Ind.: Hydrofluoric acid is used to etch glass. Any druggist can tell you where to obtain the materials.

D. E. A., Dry Valley X Roads, Pa.: We have not the formula for a good violin varnish. If some one will send one we will publish it.

Reader: We are of the opinion the German you speak of is a phenomenal liar. All his statements about Germany are certainly false.

H. R. N., Urbana, O.: Any lawyer, or the superintendent of the Urbana schools, will allow you to read the Ohio compulsory school law.

Reader, San Antonio, Mo.: 1-2.—We know nothing of the organization. 3.—In one or two states the two organizations consolidated, we believe.

T. E. A., Glenburn, Pa.: The only underground canal we can think of is one passing through a tunnel under a range of hills in England.

R. M. G., Lexington, Ill.: Spofford's *American Almanac* for 1890 contains the election statistics for 1889. Any bookseller can order it for you.

Subscriber, Nashua, N. H.: We do not know where you can find the story you mention. We never saw it. The poem ought to be found in Whittier's works.

X. L. T., Bengamon, W. Va.: 1.—See reply to T. J. H., Medora, Ind. 2.—The only way to obtain the laws of a state is to buy them. Ask any lawyer for information.

A. C. B., Whittier, Neb.: In the "News of the week," in the BLADE of November 21, the purposes of the Pan-American Congress were fully set forth. We can't republish.

T. C. S., Higginsville, Mo.: It is impossible to make the combination you desire, because we have not complete lists of the officers on both sides during the rebellion.

T. J. H., Medora, Ind.: Each Congressman is furnished a specified number of government reports for distribution. Write to yours, and ask him to send the one you want.

R. W. N., Columbus, Kan.: 1.—See "Senatorial Millionaires," Bureau of Feb. 6. 2.—We have not the time to hunt up the long list of arbitrary rulings by Democratic speakers.

J. H. S., Bayden, Iowa: Any telegraph operator will explain to you the method of sending and receiving messages, or you can get it in any school text-book on natural philosophy.

S. P. M., Cadmus, O.: There were 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence. They were the members of the Continental Congress. Read some school history of the United States.

C. A. B., West Franklin, Pa.: Friction produces heat, and two dry sticks can be rubbed together hard enough to cause them to ignite. Some savages use this means of getting fire.

J. H. D., Benton Harbor, Mich.: There is no premium on the silver half-dollar of 1824. It is impossible to answer "next week," for we answer in regular turn, and are over three weeks behind now.

R. A., Unionville, Mo.: John Carver was the first governor of Plymouth Colony, 1620. 2.—You will find the pronunciation of "la grippe" in the Bureau of Jan. 30. "Eiffel" is pronounced "I—fell," accent on the first.

E. T. B., Fairfax, Vt.: 1.—The Vice Presidents' salary is $10,000 a year. 2.—Birmingham, Eng., is probably the largest manufacturing city in the world. 3.—The second largest state in area in the Union is California.

C. H., ——: The police of Washington, D. C., are appointed by the commissioners of the District of Columbia. They need not be citizens of Washington, but they must be honorably discharged soldiers or sailors, sound in body, and not over 40 years old.

J. W. V., Corning, Kan.: Sherman and Grant together planned the march to the sea and the subsequent campaign. Sherman's army was in South Carolina when Richmond fell and Lee surrendered. Read some good United States history.

"Dakota," Wyndmere, N. D.: 1.—Read Prof. V. B. Denslow's book on the tariff for information. 2.—We don't know what particular statistics you want. 3.—Blaine and Gladstone's discussion of the tariff was in the *North American Review* for January.

Mrs. J. A. H., Molalla, Ore.: Electricity produced by a machine is an interrupted current; that produced by a battery is a continuous current. Some diseases require one, some the other. Neither should be used except under the direction of a skilled physician.

C. I. S., Toledo, O.: 1.—Lincoln expressed himself as willing to allow the South to return and keep their slaves, but no such proposition was ever officially made, as we remember. 2.—The heart, brain, lungs, kidneys and liver must all perform their functions, or death ensues.

T. J. Edwards, Albert Lea, Minn.: 1.—The packing of a piston that would make it steam-tight would make it practically air-tight also. 2.—We think there would be a little more leakage of air than of steam. 2.—A hydraulic press must be filled with a liquid, as all liquids are very inelastic, and are only very slightly compressible.

Subscriber, Chillicothe, O.: 1.—We do not know. Write to the "Superintendent of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, Washington, D. C." 2.—The Chesapeake & Ohio railroad crosses the Ohio nowhere but at Huntington. 3.—We do not wish to publish the Bureau in book form.

J. R., Cooney, O.: Paper is made of linen and cotton rags, of wood, straw, and various other fibrous materials. 2.—At its present rate of decrease, the debt will be paid in about fourteen years. 3.—The English language was not "invented;" language is a growth, not an invention.

F. B., Mazomanie, Neb.: You can find if an article has been patented by employing a patent lawyer to search the records. If it is, you can not get a patent on it; nor can you if it is in use, whether patented or not. We do not understand what you are trying to do, hence can not answer intelligently.

A. W. M., Hudson, Ind.: We can not give you the exact difference between true time and standard time at your town, unless we know the exact longitude of the place, which we do not. It is not possible to answer "in next issue." We are nearly four weeks behind, and answer questions in regular turn.

G. W. A., Yorkshire, Iowa: 1.—President Andrew Johnson's wife was a white lady, of Greeneville, Tenn. 2.—Gen. Halleck was chief-of-all our armies at one time during the rebellion. 3.—We always see the same side of the moon because it revolves on its axis in the same time that it goes round the earth.

Subscriber, ——: 1.—Yes; there have been several cases where we had not a figure to fit. You will find the whole subject treated of in THE BLADE of Jan. 16, page 4. "Low Tariffs in Our History." 2.—Queen Victoria was the wife of Prince Albert. For her surname, see Bureau of Jan. 16. 3.—We never heard of the William Carleton you refer to.

A. F. P., ——: 1.—The McCormick reapers are not sold in England cheaper than here. That is a Democratic free trade lie, disproved in THE BLADE during the Presidential campaign of 1888. 2.—If the farmers of Nebraska will till the soil of Russia, where barley and corn are used in making it, they are meaner people than we have believed.

E. G. B., Salina, Kan.: 1.—The story is told in Grecian history that a general once set fire to an enemy's fleet by using a burning glass, but it is impossible—in the farmers of Nebraska—that the rule of rum can be used to set fire can not be started in this manner except at a distance of a few inches from the glass. 2.—Faneuil Hall, Boston, is pronounced "Fan-yuil," accent on the first. Some uneducated people say "Funnel," but this is incorrect.

THE CZAR'S 400.

Doings of Gilded Youth in St. Petersburg—Deadheads and Hard Liquor.

Herr von Proskowetz, an Austrian nobleman and traveler, has just published a bookful of stories concerning the bad side of Russian life as he saw it in a two years' trip through the country. The most striking peculiarity of Russian railway travel, he thinks, is the large number of deadheads in the high-priced compartments of the coupes. Between Moscow and St. Petersburg he shared a first-class compartment with a dragoon officer. The guard took Herr von Proskowetz's ticket, but said nothing to the officer. For some time after they were left alone together the military man eyed the Austrian nobleman curiously, and finally asked:

"Did you really buy a first-class ticket?"

Von Proskowetz confessed that he did.

"Too bad! too bad!" ejaculated the officer. "And your good money is squandered beyond recall. You ought to have done as I did. I gave the guard a rouble and a cigar. He is a good fellow and doesn't bother about tickets."

Proskowetz suggested that a dragoon officer might do things that a foreigner mightn't.

"That may be so," answered his companion, "but just think of the fun you might have had with the fifteen roubles you squandered on a ticket."

As the founder of the Austrian Society for the Prevention of Drunkenness, Herr von Proskowetz collected many statistics as to the amount of hard liquor swallowed by the Czar's subjects. From January 1, 1885, to January 1, 1886, Russia's 2,331 distilleries produced 3,861,568 hectolitres (a hectolitre is a little less than 100 quarts) of water-free spirits; 233 other factories manufactured spirituous liquors from various fruits, and 308 others produced schnaps and purified brandy. In 1886 the average consumption in Russia was 32 quarts of "hard" liquors to every man, woman and child in the country. In the province of Wilna, where the peasants are famous for their temperance, the consumption in 1888 was more than ten quarts per head.

Since 1885 the population of St. Petersburg has fallen from 861,000 to 842,000. This falling off has taken place among the working people, and may be ascribed to the wretchedness of the quarters in which the workingmen at the capital are obliged to live. One-tenth of the workingmen's lodgings are in cellars. When night comes, however, the accommodations are little better. A workingman's sleeping room usually has only one window, and is occupied at night by between ten and fifty other laborers.

Herr von Proskowetz's opinion of Russian society is pretty poor. The young men in Moscow's 400, he thinks, are about the most reckless and extravagant in the world, and are always full of a desire to smash things. A man, therefore, who gives a stag dinner at a Moscow restaurant or hotel invariably contracts to pay for the meal "inclusive of crockery." As soon as the last dish has been served his guests begin to slam things about the room, and before the last bottle of wine has been served the floor is carpeted with small bits of the service, the mirrors, and the pictures from the wall. In the winter livelier fun young heads drive their sticks through the fish globes and bow down all the flowers and shrubs they can get at. They are not altogether bad, however, for they pay the proprietor lavishly for everything they destroy.

Another freak of the lively young men in Moscow is to hire an elephant for an evening and get it drunk on champagne. About six months ago a young Swell beat the record for originality by giving his friends a dinner, at which the only meat was the pork from a trained pig, bought of its trainer by the host for 14,000 roubles. At least that was the story the host told in good faith to his friends at the beginning of the feast. He learned the next day that the owner of the pig, Crown Tanto, had swindled him by submitting a common pig for the educated animal. A lawsuit followed, but before it could be decided Tanto and his pig and the 14,000 roubles got out of the country.

The Moscow dudes and officers have also an overweening passion for the stars of the cafe chantants and ballets, the gypsy singers, whom they marry with astonishing frequency. Herr von Proskowetz tells all these stories of the Czar's 400 with perfect seriousness, and presents abundant proof of their truth. His opinion is that the half has not been told of the unique madness of Russian fashionable life.

"POOR JONATHAN."

A Comic Opera in Three Acts, by C. Millaecker—Sketch of Plot.

An operetta in swallow tail, modern from beginning to end. A happy event. Mr. Vandergold, who has emptied the cup of pleasure to the last dregs, has grown tired of life, as it can no longer offer him any attractions. There exists but one being who can imbue the over-satiated man at the table of life with nobler sentiments—Harriet, the daughter of one of his friends. Harriet has just received her doctor diploma and also loves Vandergold, but will, however, not grant him a look into her soul, as he does not believe in the unselfishness of woman. Vandergold is sick, his nervous system is shattered, when suddenly he hits on a wild plan. He instructs his lawyer to draw up his will, in which he leaves his entire fortune to some poor devil and then—with the satisfaction of having left some laughing heir behind, to pass willingly from earth.

During a grand ball which Vandergold is giving in his mansion the lawyer arrives with the fated packet. Vandergold's nerves are strained to the utmost. The opulent banquet ends dismally. Soap had found its way into the ice-cream. A new cook is found guilty of this crime, and Vandergold frets and fumes on account of this soap. Worse still, the handsome Harriet has just discovered herself the possessor of a fine voice and has signed with an impresario. The unfortunate cook, Jonathan Tripp, is immediately dismissed, and the poor fellow takes it so to heart that he too resolves to take his life.

A SUICIDAL DUKY.

In an effective scene we see both wanting to end their lives without either knowing of the intention of the other. In a critical moment Vandergold notices the cook. He grasps the latter by the throat, believing that, urged by revenge, he now has designs on his (Vandergold's) life. All is satisfactorily explained, and there Vandergold hits upon a splendid plan. He will exchange robes with the poor devil, make him the recipient of his millions, while he expects to derive his happiness from poverty and the battle of life. Poor, now suddenly rich, Jonathan is not destined to peacably enjoy his millions. He has agreed with Vandergold that when either of them has grown tired of life he has but to give a previously determined sign upon which both must pass from this world into the unknown. This sign is to be the last lines of the song which Harriet has just sung. The overjoyed Jonathan is now presented to the company as the new millionaire, and he on his part introduces his sweetheart, the maid Molly, as his bride. It closes the first act.

The scene of the second act is laid in Monaco. Jonathan and Molly appear in great pomp. But one thing tends to overcloud the happy brow of Jonathan, namely, the fear that any moment Vandergold may appear and start in with that cursed song. In all excess this song resounds from all corners. The composer, whose motto is, "Property is robbery," has added the song to one of his operas, and it has become so popular that it issues forth from every piano and every street organ. Harriet is also in Monaco and Jonathan is courting her. Suddenly Vandergold appears on the scene. He has followed Harriet, and now, hunted down by jealousy, determines to give Jonathan the sign. A grand scene follows. Vandergold makes desperate attempts to commence his song, but he cannot remember the melody. All of a sudden an organ commences to grind out the song and Vandergold wants to sing, when he hears that Harriet has flown, and determines hastily to follow her and leave Jonathan in the cold. The third and last act brings us to Jonathan's villa near New York.

THE SCENE IN NEW YORK.

He has assumed Vandergold's name, so that in case Vandergold

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1890.

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TO COMRADES WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER.

Our soldier friends are sending us in lists of names of comrades who do not take THE BLADE, that we may mail them sample copies, and receive their aid in working for a more liberal and just scale of pensions. Quite a number of comrades and others will receive sample copies of this issue. To them we say: We want the aid of your influence in our effort to build up public sentiment all over the country in favor of better pension legislation; to this end, we ask you to subscribe, and for your help to get others to do so. The influence of a paper is in direct proportion to the number of people who read it; and we propose to make our work count with Congress in this matter. We propose to *compel* our dilatory law-makers to do something; and to make the pension question a leading issue in the election of members of the Fifty-second Congress at the polls this fall. Will you help us? If you will, send us your subscription *at once*, so that you may secure the series of articles on "The Pension Question," which will constitute an array of irrefutable arguments from the veterans. Give us the aid of your example, your assistance, and your influence!

NEW TYPE FOR THE BLADE.

We are glad to announce to THE BLADE readers that we have placed an order with a leading New York type foundry for an entire new dress of type for THE BLADE. It may interest our friends to know that it requires nearly *five tons* of type to furnish us with a new outfit. This is in process of manufacture, and THE BLADE will, in a few weeks, appear in its new spring suit. THE BLADE is now as well printed as is any other paper whose great circulation requires the use of the fastest modern web presses; and when the new type arrives it will be one of the finest papers, typographically speaking, ever presented to the American public. Mindful of the fact that many of our older readers complain that the present type is too small, we have secured a bolder and larger face, yet so compact that, while more easily read, we can get practically as much matter in a column as with the present dress. We hope to have this splendid new dress ready in from four to six weeks. Meanwhile, renew your subscriptions, and secure the best family paper in the United States for another year.

FACTS FOR THE CENSUS.

It is said that Superintendent of the Census PORTER is arranging to collect much of the information sought for by the Knights of Labor and other organizations, as to the number of people who own their homes, and the number who do not. In taking the census of 1880 this line of inquiry was followed as regard the farmers, and Mr. PORTER proposes to extend the inquiry to all classes of citizens. This information will be valuable, as it will tell whether the tendency among farmers is toward larger or smaller farms, and whether our people are securing homes for themselves or abandoning that policy.

Mr. PORTER will also endeavor, as far as possible, to secure a list of all mortgages filed and released in the United States during the past two years, so as to show the number of acres or lots mortgaged, the amount and the rate of interest, the dates of mortgaging and of payment, and the life of the mortgage. In addition to this, fifty representative counties will be selected in different states and sections of the country, in which certain additional inquiries will be made. In the case of every uncancelled mortgage the name of the mortgagor will be sent to the census office, which will send him a circular letter asking whether the mortgage was fully paid by January 1, 1890; if not, how much was then due; and also for what purpose the mortgage was made.

It has hitherto not been deemed possible to secure such information, in form complete enough to be entirely trustworthy. Whether Mr. PORTER can surmount the difficulties in the way—which are largely due to the desires of mortgagors themselves not to make their financial affairs public—remains to be seen; but if he succeeds, the information will be extremely valuable.

EX-SENATOR BLANCHE K. BRUCE has assumed the duties of Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia and his predecessor, TROTTER, whom Mr. CLEVELAND imported from Boston, has trotted. Mr. BRUCE is one of the most intelligent colored men in the country and will perform the duties of his new office faithfully and efficiently. His first action was to reappoint as deputy an ex-Union soldier who was dismissed by Mr. CLEVELAND'S first appointee, one MATTHEWS, of Albany, N. Y. As the clerks in the Recorder's office are all paid by Mr. BRUCE out of his fees it is safe to assume that he will employ none but Republicans.

THE fact was brought out before the House committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, the other day, that while the American steamship company carrying the mails to and from British Columbia receives $17,000 annually from the Canadian government, it only gets $219 from its own, the great and generous government of the United States. Yet American gentlemen who say that this is not an equitable policy, and petition Congress for fair play for American ships, are blackguarded as "thieves," "robbers," etc., by the free trade organs.

THE report of the Parnell Commission, a full abstract of which is given elsewhere, is a complete acquittal of the great Irish leader of the charges brought against him by the London *Times* and which had also been frequently alleged by Tory members in the House of Commons. This vindication is complete and emphatic, and when it is considered that it comes from a board that is by no means friendly to him, Mr. PARNELL may well feel proud of the result of the long and tedious investigation.

GEN. MORGAN'S confirmation as commissioner of Indian affairs was predicted by THE BLADE, notwithstanding the vigorous opposition that was made to him. The fight against him was upon a mistaken basis, and did not appeal forcibly to fair-minded men. He seems to be a man of ability, and it is hoped that his administration will be marked by good judgment and fairness in dealing with the Indians.

HOW ABOUT PENSIONS?

The Time Has Come to Do Justice to the Veterans.

Let Us Make an Energetic Effort to Obtain It.

THE BLADE believes the time has come when the nation should take a long step forward in the matter of pensioning the survivors of the Union army of 1861-65. In the issue of the Weekly BLADE of March 6, we shall publish the first of a series of articles, entitled

"THE PENSION QUESTION,"

In which we shall discuss the whole subject, show what has already been done, point out what justice and fair play dictate as still necessary to be done, and, in fact, present the case of

The Soldier

In its true light before the American people, with the design of rousing popular attention and interest, and of thereby

Compelling Congress

To take the steps which are necessary in order that justice, already too long delayed, shall be done to the gray-headed, broken-down and invalid survivors of the glorious army which crushed the rebellion, preserved the Union intact, and rendered possible the magnificent progress which, in a quarter of a century, has made us one of the richest, the most prosperous and the most powerful nations on the globe.

For years the veterans have murmured at the lack of equity in the present pension laws. Not only is the aid they provide granted to a portion only of the soldiers, but their provisions are too exacting as regards the furnishing of the proofs now required to enable the claimant to avail himself of them. These laws need thorough revision, and the sweeping away of all useless red-tape requirements. The conditions to be fulfilled should be made so plain that they can be managed by the old soldier himself, so that, if he prefers to do so, he can apply, without the services of a claim agent, thus saving him this unnecessary expense, which aggregates tens of thousands of dollars annually.

Does the Nation Lack Patriotism?

THE BLADE proposes to take up the case of the men who wore the blue, with the view of obtaining justice for them. We shall endeavor to rouse the citizens of the nation to a sense of the real obligation they owe the veterans; and, with the conscience of the whole people quickened, a pressure will be brought to bear upon Congress, so that proper legislation can be reached.

And we wish to reach as many people as possible with this appeal. We desire every old soldier to read this series of articles, as it will furnish him with arguments to meet and overthrow those of the opponents of pension legislation. We desire every Republican to read them, that he may throw his influence in favor of this good cause. We desire every young voter to read them, that he may have the truth set before him.

Will You Help Us?

We ask every soldier, every comrade of the Grand Army, every Republican, every reader of THE BLADE, to do one little thing *at once* to aid in this. It is, to send us, *this week* if possible, a list of names of persons—voters and heads of families—in their vicinity, to whom we may mail the issue of THE BLADE containing the first article of this series. Don't delay, but do it *immediately*. We want at least one hundred thousand names within the next two weeks. Help us to get them!

WITH the opening of the English Parliament Feb. 11, the Parnell case came up on a motion by Sir VERNON HARCOURT, declaring that the London *Times*, in its publication of the Pigott letters, knowing them to be forgeries, had been guilty of a breach of privilege. Besides Sir VERNON HARCOURT, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and Mr. PARNELL himself spoke vigorously in favor of the motion, which was, however, defeated by the government, Mr. PARNELL scored Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, the Attorney General, very severely, saying:

"I, the leader of a party that must always be in the minority here, should be sorry to treat my most powerful opponents with the incredible meanness and cowardice with which I have been treated by them. Even now I am further insulted by the terms of the amendment, which insinuates that the forged letters may after all be genuine. If you believe those letters were forged, have the courage and frankness to declare it. I move to place the word 'forged' before the word 'letters' in the amendment to the motion."

Mr. SMITH, the leader of the government party, consented that the word "forged" should be inserted, but, as has been said, the motion was defeated.

THE young Duke of Orleans has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for violating the law exiling from France all pretenders to the French throne. His first experience as a claimant has not proved a brilliant success, and should he be compelled to serve out his sentence, he would have abundant opportunity to reflect upon his rash move. It is expected, however, that he will be pardoned. If such shall be the case it will show the magnanity of the republic and should teach the young man a wholesome lesson. The republic in France is there to stay and pretenders to the throne should understand that fact.

IT is gratifying to know that Secretary TRACY will not resign his position, as it was at first intimated would be the case, but that he will continue at the head of the Navy department. The whole country sympathizes with Mr. TRACY in the great blow that has been dealt him, but it is also the general belief that he should keep on with the good work he has undertaken of building up our navy. His course so far has been so admirable that it is certain the public service still needs him.

THE Gentile triumph in Salt Lake City proves to be even more complete than was at first supposed. All the anti-Mormon officials are elected, including fifteen councilmen, and the Gentiles now have control of the Municipal Council for the first time in the history of the city. Let the good work go on. The death-knell of Mormonism is sounded.

THE best evidence that the McKinley bill is a good one is the fact that some of the New York importers are howling against it. It will render the enforcement of the customs laws more certain, and that's just what they don't want. By all means let the bill pass.

BOTH the House and Senate committees have reported favorably on the international copyright bill, and it stands a fair show of becoming a law. It is to be hoped the stain of dishonesty will be wiped from the national records by its prompt passage.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Toledo Daily Blade, Feb. 12.

Eighty-one years ago to-day—February 12, 1809—ABRAHAM LINCOLN was born in a rude log cabin in the wilds of Kentucky. A son of poverty, his early life spent in the toilsome labors that were a necessity to the hardy pioneer families of the wilderness; with but little opportunity for schooling; and without the great aids of self-improvement open to the youth of to-day through the multiplication of books and newspapers, he surmounted the triple bar of poverty, obscurity and lack of early educational advantages, and through his own inborn talents, rendered available by his untiring industry and energy, wrote his name highest among the great ones of his country and his age.

The events of his career are known to all men, for they emblazon the proudest page of the nation's history. They need no recapitulation here. But it is well, on this recurring anniversary of his birth, to call attention to the qualities which made him what he was, and compare the ideas which controlled his progress with some which are unfortunately too prominent at the present time. ABRAHAM LINCOLN possessed, in a great degree, the quality of self-reliance. To this was added a burning desire for knowledge, and to these two things may be attributed his triumph over the adverse conditions of his early life. He did not depend upon others, more fortunately situated, for aid. He did not abuse the wealthy, the learned, the powerful, but quietly determined to rise—and rise he did.

"There is always room at the top," says the old adage; and it is as true to-day as it was in the young manhood of LINCOLN. The opportunities for self-education and self-help are vastly greater now than they then were, and he who is determined to make life a success in any chosen line can make it so if he have the fortitude and self-denial to pursue a direct course. Yet our land is to-day filled with men who mouth false doctrine—eternally and irremediably false, because it attempts to curb the opportunities for self-advancement, to take away the prizes which spur men to hard labor and self-improvement, and turn the nation into one vast alms-house, by substituting a form of communism for our present social system.

We do not propose at this time to enter upon a discussion of the wild theories which find numerous advocates at the present. They all are based upon the fundamental error of compelling some one else, or everybody else, to do something for the individual, in place of having him work out his own career. The spur of necessity is the one vital requisite to a man's real advancement, and any proposed system that attempts its abolition strikes a blow at the world's progress in civilization and enlightenment. All the advancement that has come to humanity through the ages has been solely due to men who conquered through the sheer force of their own energies and ambition, and stamped their mark indelibly upon their era, as did ABRAHAM LINCOLN upon his.

Hence, to the young man who has any aspiration to better his condition, to make a name for himself, to rise above the dead level of the unambitious mass of humanity, the example of LINCOLN'S life is full of inspiration. Every man must be the architect of his own career; upon himself depends whether he will ever achieve anything. The pathway is open; all it needs is the determination to succeed, untiring industry and application, and a willingness to deny himself expensive pleasures and follies, for the sake of the greater good that is sure to come if he pushes steadily forward on the path he has marked out for himself, and falters not by the way.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

There is no parallel in the financial history of the world to the rapidity and certainty with which the enormous war debt of the United States has been paid off. Our debt reached its highest point on August 31, 1865, when it stood:

Principal	$2,755,995,275
Interest	151,852,091

To show the progress of the work of discharging this mighty obligation, we give below the total of the debt on the March 4 closing the administrations of successive Presidents, and the interest thereon:

1869, Johnson	$2,525,463,250	$126,389,550
1877, Grant	2,088,781,142	94,408,643
1881, Hayes	1,879,956,497	76,845,037
1885, Arthur	1,400,923,330	47,013,949
1889, Cleveland	865,106,020	41,060,000
*Harrison	765,273,750	36,000,000
Reduction	$1,990,721,525	$125,832,051

*January 1, 1890.

It is well to turn, from this magnificent exhibit of national wealth and honest financiering in the great republic, to monarchical Europe, and look upon what has been done there during the same period in the matter of public debts. The Philadelphia *Press* prints the following:

"Europe, with about five times our population, about four times our wealth and not twice our national resources, has added to its national debts in the last twenty years $8,200,000, or over thrice our total original debt, and the interest charge to-day is thirty-fold our own. In 1865, Europe owed $15,000,000,000. It owes to-day $23,000,000,000; it pays $1,068,000,000 a year as interest, and it is loaded beside with $887,000,000 for military, war and naval expenditures, including pensions, where our own are $130,000,000."

The people have increased in wealth enormously during this period; a whole empire in area in the West has been changed from untilled and uninhabited territory into agricultural commonwealths, covered with productive farms, and dotted with thriving towns and cities. Free institutions and an economic system which, through protection, has developed our industries while our agriculture was also extending, have rendered it possible to make such a splendid financial showing. Our industries are not yet developed in magnitude up to a parallel with our agriculture, but we will reach an equality in time.

IT is a matter of interest just now as to whether CAL. BRICE will be compelled to pay his back taxes or not. The schedule is instructive:

Value of property subject to personal tax	$2,800,000
Tax rate, per cent	3%
Amount of tax due per annum	$91,000
Arrearage (five years)	455,000
Plus 50 per cent penalty	277,500
Total amount due Allen county, O.	$732,500

If to this we add the estimated cost of BRICE'S Senatorial campaign, $250,000, we get a grand total of $982,500 as the probable cost of the Senatorship. Is the office worth the money?

THE Bible question will not down, it seems. The Supreme court of Wisconsin is called upon to settle the question whether the Scriptures may properly be read in the public schools. Certain citizens of Edgerton asked the Circuit court for a writ of mandamus to compel the school board to put a stop to the reading by teachers of the Bible in the schools. The school board declared that they had no right to interfere; the petitioners demurred; the Circuit judge overruled the demurrer, and now the matter goes to the Supreme court.

OUR national debt is of goodly size, but it is diminishing constantly. France has a national debt of $8,000,000,000, to which she is steadily adding. The cost of maintaining her vast standing army is enormous. The other nations of continental Europe are in the same condition; in point of fact, the continent is an armed camp. War will have to come before long, as a refuge from revolution, due to the burdens imposed upon the people.

TEN DOLLARS FOR CLUBS!

THE BLADE is now offering the highest cash payments for clubs of any of the newspapers of the country. Those who wish to raise clubs and receive a cash premium will please write to us for confidential terms to agents.

Those who desire to earn one or more of the other premiums on our list, should read the following offers:

For a club of 10 subscribers, at $1 each, we will give a Trenton Watch, worth $5—a *guaranteed watch*.

For a club of 15 subscribers, at $1 each, a china tea set.

For a club of 20 subscribers, at $1 each, a china chamber set, or a Blade cook stove.

The tea set, chamber set and cook stove are the same that have already been described in our columns.

As an aid in raising clubs, write to us for all the specimen copies you may need. We will gladly furnish them free.

THE WORLD'S COIN SUPPLY.

HERR OTTOMAR HAUPT is a high German authority on the annual product, present supply, and the annual consumption of gold and silver. His last annual estimate, just issued, of the amounts of the two metals, in coin, in the banks and treasuries of the world, is worth careful consideration by all interested in financial problems. The figures in the table herewith given are for millions of dollars—allowing five francs to the dollar; for example, the first item shows that in the associated banks of New York there are $78,200,000.

	Silver, in millions of dollars.	Gold.
Associated banks of New York	.....	78.2
Other American banks	11.0	8.0
United States treasury	312.0	825.6
Bank of England	.....	89.0
Scottish banks of issue	.....	25.0
Irish banks of issue	.....	16.6
Other banks in Great Britain	.....	40.0
Bank of France	249.4	254.6
Italian note banks	6.6	33.6
Italian national banks	6.2	35.6
Italian government treasure	2.4	20.6
Belgian National bank	7.0	12.3
Swiss bank of issue	4.8	11.8
Grecian National bank	.....	0.6
Bank of Spain	23.6	20.4
Bank of Algiers	3.2	3.4
Bank of Holland	80.4	25.6
Bank of Roumania	6.4	.....
Bank of Portugal	.....	5.6
Bank of Sweden	1.0	4.8
Swedish National banks	4.8	11.8
Bank of Norway	.....	13.4
Bank of Denmark	.....	15.0
Bank of Russia	0.8	168.2
Russian Government treasure	4.6	28.8
Austro-Hungarian bank	68.0	27.0
German Imperial bank	80.0	143.2
German note banks	1.0	19.0
German Government treasure	.....	30.0
Totals	791.2	1468.4

The corresponding totals for the previous year's estimate were $750,000,000—which is an increase of about $41,200,000 in silver and $182,000,000 in gold during the year just past. To the above statement Herr HAUPT appends the following remarks:

"The steady increase of the of the visible supply of gold proves once more how wrong the bimetallists are in prophesying an approaching scarcity of gold. The stream of the precious metal (gold) does not apparently flow with the same freeness for all the great countries. Nevertheless my figures show that since 1886 this stream has been augmented by almost $140,000,000. Therewith, however, the statistics on the question at issue are by no means exhausted. At the end of November the Brazilian National Bank had $12,000,000 in gold. Thus we have $152,000,000 increase in gold since 1886, or about $40,000,000 per year, which may be regarded as the net annual product, after the subtraction of the consumption in the arts. This sum must be considered only the minimum, however, for undoubtedly great quantities of gold have been coined and put in circulation which we cannot get at for our estimates. It is well known that from $14,000,000 to $18,000,000 of gold are taken annually by India for hoarding purposes. The Hou's share of last year's gold increase fell to France, whose bank added 52 millions to its supply. The German Imperial bank had, according to my calculation, some $166,000,000 gold at the end of 1888, of which it has lost $22,000,000 during the last year. * * * Finally, the bank of England has decreased its supply of gold by about $8,000,000 since 1888."

THE McKINLEY TARIFF BILL.

The free trade Democratic sheets are engaged in the unworthy work of endeavoring to prejudice the minds of the people against the new tariff bill in course of preparation by the Ways and Means committee of the House of Representatives—the "McKinley bill," as it will undoubtedly be called in the mouths of the people, after the distinguished chairman of that committee. No details of that bill have yet been given out, and it is entirely gratuitous on the part of those papers to assume that the bill will increase duties on articles already properly protected, and not reduce them on any.

They are certain to have a disagreeable surprise when the bill is reported; for THE BLADE has undoubted authority for the statement that the free list will be increased, "but in a manner and in a direction that will not injure American industries;" and that, where duties are increased, it will be where such increase is needed in the interest of our own producers of raw material or our own manufacturing industries.

It is a fact which the people must not forget, that every reduction of duties since the war era has been accomplished by Republicans. The Democrats have had majorities, but they accomplished nothing in this direction. At the close of the war, the value of imported articles on the free list was only about one-ninth of the value of imported dutiable articles. By wise reductions and changes, made by Republican Congresses, the total value of imported articles on the free list is now more than *one-half* that of the value of imported dutiable articles. For the fiscal year ended June 30, 1889, the total value of imports on the free list was, in round numbers, $257,000,000; while the aggregate value of imports paying duty was $485,000,000. And as to the schedules, the average duty was 47 per cent ad valorem in 1868; it has been reduced, by Republican legislation, to an average of 30 per cent ad valorem at the present day.

The Republican party has shown itself not only able to handle the tariff for the best interests of the people under the gradually but constantly changing conditions of protection and conversion, but it has shown itself possessed of the courage to do so, despite the clamor of interested persons and the demagogy of the enemies of the American system of political economy. The nation will find the majority in Congress fully able to handle the question in the same manner at the present time. The Republican majority of the Ways and Means committee will be found unanimous in the principles by which they will be guided in elaborating the new McKinley bill, and the measure will pass both houses and receive President HARRISON'S signature. Thus will tariff revision be removed from the political arena, and the free traders be left to howl for tariff abolition, instead of hiding that purpose under the deceptive cry of "tariff reform."

THE Supreme court of Michigan has pronounced unconstitutional that provision of the mechanics' lien law under which a property owner was compelled to make double payment for a part of the work of building his house, once to the contractor with whom he dealt, and a second time to some one who contracted with the contractor. The court holds that one man cannot be compelled to pay the debts of another, and that the lien of the mechanic or material man can constitutionally attach only to the amount of the contract price which remains unpaid to the contractor. This is sound common sense, as well as good law.

THE NEW RULES.

The House has adopted the new rules, and now it is beyond the power of a minority of that body to harass and obstruct the progress of public business by dilatory parliamentary tactics. It must not be assumed, however, that any real right or privilege of the minority is taken away. The changes made are only to insure that the majority elected by the people shall have the power to do the business entrusted to them. Full and free debate can not be infringed upon; the minority on any question have as much privilege to be heard, and to as great an extent, as ever before. The means of obstructing a vote, after debate is exhausted, without any purpose save that of annoyance, is taken away; that is all.

Amid all the Bourbon howl, since Congress convened, for rules, the people may be in danger of forgetting the real scope of the code so dolorously called for. The House has not been without a well understood system of procedure. So long as the House of a new Congress has not adopted a special code for itself, the laws governing all parliamentary bodies, and the standing rules adopted for the permanent government of the House, are in force. And it may further be remarked that, under this common law of parliamentary bodies, as well as under the code usually adopted, it is expressly required that every member present shall vote when his name is called, unless he be excused. This fundamental law is found in JEFFERSON'S "Manual," long the standing authority; it is one of the standing rules of the House, adopted April 19, 1789, and has never been questioned, though frequently violated. It has remained for the Democrats, during the recent parliamentary battles on the floor of the House, to claim the right of any member to violate this rule deliberately, and for the express purpose of defeating the progress of public business.

The new rules embody the decision of Speaker REED that members present but not voting shall be counted in deciding whether a quorum is present. The justice and common sense of this can not be disputed. It was in the power of the Democrats to prevent a vote on any of the occasions when Speaker REED declared a visible quorum present, by leaving their seats and retiring to the cloak rooms, as has been done in more than one instance. It is in their power to do so now, under the new rules, for the Speaker's eye can not follow them there. But it is to be noted that they did not resort to this expedient. And when the final vote on the adoption of the new rules was taken the Democrats did not dare resort to the plan of refusing to vote, then claiming that no quorum was present, and thus compelling the speaker to count a "visible quorum." They knew that the country was not with them in their tactics of obstruction, and hence voted against the rules, as was their right and privilege, without attempting again to filibuster.

As to the rules themselves, the only sections the Democrats opposed were those which prevent the minority from filibustering. As matters stood in the past, the process of filibustering through dilatory motions was as follows:

When the majority has decided to not upon any matter, it has been in the power of members to adjourn, and on that motion to demand the yeas and nays; then to move to adjourn to a fixed day or hour, and on that motion to demand the yeas and nays; then, since in a purely technical sense "other business has intervened" since the last motion to adjourn simply, the rules formerly permitted that motion to be made again, and thus in various forms the purely dilatory motions could be kept up indefinitely.

Under the new rules, but one motion to adjourn can be entertained, after the House has decided to take up a measure for action. If an adjournment is voted down, no other dilatory motion can be in order until the matter has been acted upon. This is reasonable, business-like, and involves no infringement on the rights of any member or party.

The only other important change in the rules is that giving the Speaker the power to count all members present, whether voting or not, in deciding whether a quorum is present, which we have already discussed fully. It is to be noted that the power to delay action on any measure until a full vote on either side can be summoned, or an appeal be made to public opinion, is not impaired. All measures must come before the House in due form, be referred to and reported upon by the proper committee, and be considered in accordance with the rules; and there is ample time for either of these two purposes. The new rules merely aim to insure that, when the measure has reached the point of public action, all motions and proceedings that can have no other purpose than unnecessary delay shall not be allowed.

There is, especially all over the West, an impatience at the slow manner in which Congress handles business, a feeling that time is wasted, and the people's interests suffer therefrom. The new rules will be hailed with delight by this very numerous class of citizens, who demand that their representatives should not act with business-like promptitude and decision, and give the country the relief it demanded when the people elected the members of the present Congress.

ARITHMETIC sometimes knocks out the theorists. The Philadelphia *Ledger* has been making a little arithmetical calculation relative to Senator MORGAN'S proposal that Congress appropriate $5,000,000 for the purpose of deporting the colored people from the United States to Africa. Not more than 200,000 persons, according to the *Ledger's* figures, could be carried away and subsisted for that sum in a single year, and by the close of the year the natural increase of the 8,000,000 negroes in this country would be not far from 250,000. Nothing could more clearly show the gross absurdity of the scheme than a simple little estimate like that. There are any number of unanswerable arguments against the whole project, but if there were only one, and that one the enormous cost, it would close the debate, in the judgment of all practical men.

CUT THROAT politics is a dangerous game. The knife is generally double-edged, and it is very apt to wound the hand that wields it. We commend to the thoughtful consideration of persons interested the following editorial paragraph from the Boston *Traveller* anent this topic:

"Some of the party rivals of Governor Foraker who contributed to the Republican defeat at the late election, will be gerrymandered out of their seats in Congress. This is the back-stroke of the knife that struck down Foraker."

SENATOR CHANDLER has taken hold of the immigration question, and has prepared a bill which is said to be comprehensive, embracing the best features of the many similar measures which are now pending in Congress. Some plan for shutting out the horde of foreign paupers, criminals and imbeciles which continues to pour into this country should be adopted without delay, and if Mr. CHANDLER'S bill will accomplish that, it should speedily become a law.

POSTMASTER GENERAL WANAMAKER'S offer of twelve gold badges to clerks of the railway mail service in the several divisions throughout the country, who make the best records in their examination on the schemes of distribution and in their actual work and conduct in the postal cars, is another illustration of the practical character of Mr. WANAMAKER'S administration, for the offer will excite honorable emulation and the public will reap their benefit.

BURNING CORN FOR FUEL.

The fact that some of the farmers of Kansas and Nebraska are burning corn for fuel because it is cheaper than coal, is paraded by a number of Democratic papers as an argument for free trade. This is but part of the free trade propagandists' policy of attributing every depression, every business complication, to the tariff, and trusting to the ignorance of the people to give it credence. In this matter of using corn for fuel, they fail utterly to point out how the cutting down of the tariff below the protection line would benefit the farmers, or furnish them coal one cent cheaper. There is no duty on anthracite coal; and the duty on bituminous coal has no effect on the prices. To abolish the duty on it would not reduce the price of coal to a Nebraska farmer. The nearest coal mines to us, outside the United States, are those of Nova Scotia; and the freight on coal from there would make it cost more than it does now.

Nor would the cutting down of the tariff, or even its entire abolition, cause the demand for corn abroad to be increased one bushel. Its low price is because there is more grown in a year than the world needs for a year. If there were any demand for corn abroad, the present very low price of that grain would certainly be taken advantage of by foreign buyers.

Some two or three years ago, the National Granger, at its Topeka meeting, adopted a resolution requesting the commissioner of Agriculture to ascertain "if trade relations with European countries could be established for the disposal of American surplus agricultural products." An answer to that questioncame shortly after in a very explicit form from Mr. J. R. DODGE, the accomplished statistician of the department of Agriculture, who, in an exhaustive review of the condition of the European markets, said:

"No amount of advertising, no proffers of reciprocal trade, no change of fiscal policy, can force on Europe another peck of wheat per capita, scarcely another quart, for many years to come, unless unexpected disaster shall befall her crops."

Remember, these are the words of an official of the Cleveland Democratic administration. Mr. DODGE'S report went on to say that, in oats and barley, there is a very small international trade, this country actually importing barley; that of rye, the great bread grain of Eastern and Central Europe, Russia alone produces more than the United States, and that Europe imports only 1,500,000 bushels; that Europe grows more potatoes than it needs; and finally, that in corn, the receipts of European countries requiring it "do not make an amount half as large as the product of Illinois or of Iowa or Missouri."

The free trade idea that a cut on our tariff, a radical change in our economic system, can increase our export of agricultural products, is thus shown by an official of Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration to be an impossibility. Mr. DODGE declares that "no proffers of reciprocal trade, no change in fiscal policy, can force on Europe another peck of wheat per capita, scarcely another quart, for years to come, unless unexpected disaster shall befall her crops." The whole free trade idea that foreign commerce is "barter" is a fallacy. The foreign manufacturers of goods take their pay in money, not grain. The men who sell manufactured goods to our merchants are not importers or dealers in grain. They pay their workmen in money, and they buy their bread and flour wherever they please. If India and Russia can supply grain and provisions to foreign buyers cheaper than Kansas or Nebraska, India and Russia will obtain their patronage.

The fact is, the world is producing too much grain for the world's consumption. THE BLADE has for several years urged the farmers to diversify their products as much as possible; to raise the flax and barley and eggs, etc., that we now import, instead of grains which do not pay for the raising. The foreign markets are unprofitable, and probably will remain so for years. The home market is the surest dependence of the American farmer, and the protective policy creates, maintains and extends the class which consumes the agricultural products of the country.

THE LAST CHANCE TO OBTAIN "ANDERSONVILLE."

For a year or so we have not been advertising the famous book, "Andersonville," because we intended to abandon its publication, supposing that every one who wished it was supplied. Still, the orders have kept dropping in, two or three a week, which we have filled from the copies remaining from former editions. These being exhausted, we have had printed a final edition of 1,300 copies, which are now ready for delivery. When these are exhausted, the book will be out of print, and therefore unobtainable.

The book is one which every one interested in the war of the rebellion should have. It is the recital of the experience of JOHN MCELROY in Andersonville and other rebel prisons, and gives the best history of life in the prison-pens of the South which has ever been published. It is a large volume—so large that the postage on it is 25 cents—and was originally sold by subscription at $3 per copy. We will now send a copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.25. Remember this is the last chance; when the 1,300 copies now on hand are sold, the book will be out of print.

THE nomination of CHARLES EMERY SMITH to be minister to Russia is one which will be generally commended. Mr. SMITH is an educated gentleman, fully equipped in regard to public affairs and his conduct of the Philadelphia *Press*, over which he has presided for so many years, has demonstrated his signal ability as an editor and a vigorous, trenchant writer. While the President, in selecting Mr. SMITH, gives another recognition of the power and influence of the press, he also honors the Republican party in choosing a man who has done such excellent service in its ranks and against whose personal character there has never been a breath of suspicion. Mr. SMITH will worthily represent this country at the court of the czar, and it is safe to say that he will preserve his true American feeling even while hobnobbing with royalty.

THE loyal men of the North will commend Postmaster General WANAMAKER in the steps he has taken to protect the Georgia Republican postmaster whom the Bourbons of his locality have prevented, by threats of personal violence, from taking possession of his office. The vindictive spirit displayed in his case is hardly in keeping with the claims of those who laud the New South, and it would seem that another lesson is needed in that section. The people should be taught that they cannot nullify the laws of the United States at pleasure.

THE labor class of Germany do not take so kindly to Emperor WILLIAM'S rescript on the subject of state legislation of labor as was expected. They consider it an imperial blow against the socialists and a tacit recognition that socialism is right. Laboring men regard the socialists as the originators of the measures which the young emperor now advocates, and do not propose to be drawn from their support at the forthcoming election.

CAL. BRICE was not eligible as Senator unless he was a resident of Ohio. If he was a resident of Ohio he must pay his taxes. His pettifogging to keep from doing so is in bad taste, to say the least.

THE Mormon howl over the result of the recent election was to be expected. Nobody likes to see irresponsible power wrested from his hands.

"THE DRINK BILL OF CHICAGO."

The Chicago *Tribune*, in a recent editorial, discussed the question as to how much money is paid out yearly in that city for Rum in its various forms. The population of Chicago is estimated at 1,100,000. The amount paid for saloon licenses within its limits foots up $2,000,000 per year. The internal revenue taxes paid to the federal government by Chicago distillers, brewers, rectifiers and retailers amounts, according to the *Tribune*, to as much more. There are some 4,000 saloons of all kinds in the city. The *Tribune* then goes on as follows:

"In the next place the average consumption of liquor in the United States per head per day is 3 cents. This seems a trifle, but with an estimated populated population of sixty-five millions it foots up $700,000,000 a year, which is a sum worth saving. Assuming that Chicago has a population of 1,100,000, its yearly drink bill on the 3-cent basis, would be $12,-592,500. But the average which is fair for the whole country is far too low for this city, perhaps a half too low. The city denizen has enormously more opportunities and temptations to drink than the farmer. The one meets a saloon and drinking chums on every hand. The other often has to go miles to find liquor. There is also much more drinking among foreigners, who form so large an element of city population, than among the native-born urban as well as rural residents.

"In the next place, the total amount of beer sold in this county of Cook a year ago was 1,762,250 barrels. If this were all sold in this county and by the glass it would foot up about $27,000,000; and the Prohibitionists, figuring on that basis, have arrived at wild conclusions. The probability is that only about a third was thus sold and the remainder by measure, which is the favorite way of buying beer by the laboring classes, because one thus gets as much for five cents as he would pay twelve or fifteen for were he buying by the glass. Estimating on this basis, the total amount paid out for beer in this county last year was probably about $18,-000,000.

"It is impossible to tell how much should be added to this for spirituous liquors. The proportionate quantity of beer consumed is increasing all the time and that of whisky diminishing, but the consumption of the latter is still so large that it probably equals at least six or eight millions of dollars. That would make for this county a drink bill of over twenty-four millions of dollars, or at the rate of about 5 cents per day for every man, woman and child in the county. Those who are familiar with the city, who see how much drinking is done by women and boys as well as by men, will not be inclined to think this too high an estimate. It is probably too low. The drug sales [that is, of liquors sold as medicines by drug stores] to women are very large. And the quantity of costly liquors bought from wholesale dealers for family use is not small by any means."

And the *Tribune* closes its article with the following comment—which, we are sorry to say, is justified by the facts and figures set forth in the article which we have just quoted:

"But think of the folly of trying to stop this enormous and almost universal consumption of liquors by a handful of persons voting so-called Prohibition [third party] tickets!"

The cold fact must be admitted by every thinking and observing reader, that the cities, in any state, have presented the greatest and the most insurmountable obstacle to the enforcement of Prohibitory laws. It is so in Maine; the rural districts are free from the curse of the open saloon, but in the cities Rum can be obtained by those whose craving therefor is so strong as to impel them to seek it in holes and corners. It was so in Rhode Island under Prohibition; and the absolute ignoring of the law by the people in that little state, whose population is almost entirely urban, led to the repeal of the Prohibitory clause of the state constitution. It is true in Iowa—where the entire state is without saloons, save in a few of the cities; it is true in Kansas; and it is certain that the only difficulty that will be found in the enforcement of Prohibition in the new states of North and South Dakota will be found in the cities, as they increase in population.

A very large number of the strongest advocates of Prohibition are to be found among the farming community. They are sober and law-abiding citizens, and do not realize the entirely different elements that compose the population of our cities. Nor can they realize the difficulty of enforcing a restrictive law in a community which is not strongly in favor of the statute. It is for this reason that we have quoted the above article from the Chicago *Tribune*. Read it again, and it is not difficult to see that the majority of the citizens of Chicago—and a very large majority, if we consider only the male portion of the population—are patrons of Rum, and therefore opposed to Prohibition.

Now, suppose that a prohibitory amendment to the state constitution of Illinois were submitted to the people, and adopted by the affirmative vote of the farmers and rural residents (where experience has shown the Prohibition strength to be) overmatching the Rum vote of Chicago and other cities. Frankly, after reading the above article, what possible hope would there be for its enforcement in Chicago? Not the slightest. Officials could not be elected in the city who were in favor of its enforcement; juries could not be found to convict violators. The saloons would remain open, in spite of the law.

No matter how monstrous this may seem to the friends of Prohibition residing in small towns and villages and in the country, it is the truth, as has been proved in other states. The cities, with their heavy percentage of foreign born residents, with the habit of drinking socially so habit

A SOLDIER'S QUERY.

A soldier reader—N. R., late of Co. D, 44th Illinois—writing from Chester, Mich., propounds the following query:

What influence will it have on the pension question by writing about it in THE BLADE?

We don't know whether our correspondent refers to the series of articles on "The Pension Question," which we shall begin in THE BLADE of March 6, or to the letters expressing the views of individual soldiers on the matter. But we will tell him what influence we expect THE BLADE to have on pension legislation.

First, as to the letters we are publishing from the soldiers themselves, of which a number are given on the fifth page to-day: Every Senator and Representative in Congress receives a copy of this issue of THE BLADE, with these letters marked; and every member of the Fifty-first Congress will receive a copy each week, whether he is a subscriber or not. Does N. R. suppose that Congressmen will not be led to examine these letters, to ascertain what the soldiers themselves demand, and the reasons they allege why these should be granted?

We are at considerable expense in doing this; but we are determined that the soldiers shall have an advocate that will be heard, and we will send THE BLADE to all Congressmen while our series of Pension articles is running.

Again, we propose that the matter shall not rest with the present session of Congress, nor with the present Congress. We demand that the matter shall be carried into the Congressional elections this fall, and that no man shall be nominated by the Republicans, at least, who will not pledge himself to vote for certain pension measures, which will be discussed more fully hereafter.

We have enlisted for the war! We are taking up the cause of the veterans because we believe it to be just, to be right; and all that we ask in return is that the veterans will give us their support as freely and as fully as we give their interests our support.

THEY ARE PLEASED.

The useful articles we are offering as premiums to club raisers are extremely popular, especially the Blade tea set, and the Blade cook stove. Here are some sample letters from those who have received them:

SUMTER, Ill., Jan. 20.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came all right in good condition. My wife is well pleased.—W. T. BENNETT.

TRENTON, Mo., Feb. 5.—EDITOR BLADE:—Received the tea set February 1 all right, not a piece broken. The set is larger and of very much better ware than I expected. Very much pleased with them. I think I am well paid for my trouble.—Mrs. W. H. WILSON.

STRATTON, Neb., Feb. 6.—EDITOR BLADE:—I have just received the tea set all right. They were on the way so long—about five weeks—that I expected a box full of pieces; but to my surprise they came through just as they were packed. I am more than pleased with them. They are very nice. The two round cake plates are just immense. The freight was more than I expected, $1.34, but I don't begrudge the money. Yours, truly,

MARGARET RAICHART.

SALINA, Kan., Feb. 6.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set came to hand on Feb. 5, in good shape. My daughters are well pleased with them. We cannot get such a set in this city or less than $12. The freight was $3. Long live the good old BLADE! J. E. WOODWARD, 88.

RANKIN, Ills., Feb. 7.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set arrived all sound on Feb. 3, and well pleased with them. Success to THE BLADE. Yours truly, MRS. EUPHEMIA STAMP.

COLONY, Kan., Feb. 8.—EDITOR BLADE:—The tea set that I ordered came to hand on Feb. 5, the freight was $1.20. We like them very much. Yours truly, MRS F. S. LONGSTRETH.

CLERMONT, Iowa, Feb. 10.—EDITOR BLADE:—We received the tea set all right, and was very much pleased with it. Respectfully,

J. H. HOUGH.

TIPTON, Iowa, Feb. 8.—EDITOR BLADE:—After a short delay on the road the tea set arrived. Not a piece was broken and the freight was only 90 cents. I did like to buy good material, well designed and modest and neat in ornamentation. Have in my business handled dishes for several years past and am well pleased with these. Yours truly,

W. E. HOAG.

"OLD WAR SONGS."

NUMBER XLV.

THE IRISH PICKET.

Air—"Joe Bowers."

I'm standing in the mud, Biddy,
Wid not a spalpeen near,
And silence spatchfeens as the grave
Is all I hear.
Me goon is at a shoulder arms,
I'm wetted to the bone,
And wish I'm after spaking out,
I find myself alone.

This Southern c'mate's quare, Biddy,
A quare and a hastely thing.
Wid winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring.
Yi mind that bog-hole down below,
And may ye niver fear,
I'd draw comparies, bu then,
It's awful warrum here.

The only moon I see, Biddy,
Is one shmall star asthore,
And that's furnist the very cloud,
It was beshme before.
The watch fires glame along the hill,
That's shwilling to be South,
And whin the sentry passes them
I see his cogly mouth.

Its dead for shape I am Biddy
And dramin' shwate I'd be
If them ould rebels over there
Would only lave me free.
But whin I lane against a shtump
And shtiffen for a spell,
A musket ball be's comin' shtrait
To hit me spacious nose.

It's ye I'd like to see Biddy,
A shparkin' here wid me,
And then a vourneen hear ye say,
"Acushla—Pat—machree!"
"Och, Biddy darlint," then says I;
Says you: "Get out of that;"
Says I, "Me arrum mates your waist;"
Says you, "Be dayscent Pat."

And how's the pigs and ducks Biddy;
It's them I think of, shure.
That looked so innocent and shwate
Upon the parlor flure;
I'm sure you're aisy with the pig
That's fat as he can be,
And fade him with the best because
I'm towld he looks like me.

When I come home again, Biddy,
A Sargent tried and thrue,
It's just a davcent house I'll build
And rint it chape to you.
We'll have a parlor, bedroom, hall,
A duck-pond nately done,
With kitchen, pig pen, praty patch,
And garret, all in one.

But, murther! there's a baste, Biddy,
That's crapin round a tree.
And well I know the crature's there
To have a shot at me.
Now, Misther Rebel, say yer prayers,
And howld yer dirthy paw;
Here goes!—be jabers, Biddy, dear,
I've broke his cogly jaw!

THE LADY PRESIDENT'S BALL.

There's a light in the President's mansion,
A gaslight cheery and red;
I see it a glowing and dancing,
As I toss on my weariesome bed,
I see it afloat in the windows;
And starlight gemming the hall,
As the tide of the fashion flows inward
At the Lady President's ball.

My temples are throbbing with fever,
My limbs are palsied with pain,
As the crash of the festal music
Burns into my aching brain,
And rages with delirium and fancy,
And coffins and liter and pall
Mixed up with flowers and laces,
At the Lady President's ball.

What matter if I, a poor private,
Lie here on my narrow bed,
With fever a-griping my vitals
And dashing my helpless head.
What matter though nurses are careless,
And rations both meager and small,
So long as the officers revel
At the Lady President's ball.

Who'll pity my poor old mother,
Who'll comfort my sweet young wife
Far away in the distant city,
With sorrow stealing their life,
I have no money to send them;
They cannot come at my call.
No money, though hundreds are wasting
At the Lady President's ball.

Hundreds and hundreds of thousands
In satins and jewels and wine,
French dishes for dainty stomachs,
While black bread sickens mine,
And jellies and fruits and cold teas,
And fountains that flash as they fall.
O God! for a cup of cold water
From the Lady President's ball.

Nurse, bring me my uniform ragged,
Oh, why did you put out that light?
Help me up, I am aching and giddy,
I must go to my loved ones to-night.
Wife, mother, you're weary with waiting
I'm coming to comfort you all.
And the private sank dead while they reveled
At the Lady President's ball.

WHAT THE BOYS SAY

ABOUT THE PENSION QUESTION.

Another Batch of Letters to the Blade on This All-Important Matter.

THE interest in the pension question is increasing, and so are the heaps of letters from those who wore the blue and from their friends. Below we give the letters that arrived in two days—February 2 and 3. So you can see how far we are behind. We have taken only extracts from these letters, and we do not expect to be able to find room for one in ten of those on hand. But we are glad to get them. *Make them short;* tell us what pension legislation you favor, and your reasons—and don't be offended if your letter is cut down, or not published at all:

Pensions to All—Revision—Equalization.

KINGSTON, TEX.—The men put their shoulders to the wheel and helped roll the government over a very shaky bridge during those four years and suffered greatly, and many of us, I may say every one, feel the effects of it to-day. I think that the red tape part of the pension business should be worked on and brought down some. I don't think I should have to furnish evidence equal to a criminal case to obtain what I claim that Uncle Sam justly owes us. In other words, I say do away with the pension laws now on the books and pass more liberal and equally just laws for the purpose. I am in favor of pension equalization in every respect.—J. P. A.

How the Pension Racket is Worked.

PULASKI, ILL.—There is scarcely a member of Congress from the Northern, Eastern or Western states who, at some time, has not offered a bill to liberalize the pension system, or a new pension bill. The pension committee room has been filled by cart loads of such bills all to no purpose, so far as a benefit to soldiers is concerned, but who will say that they have not fully answered the purpose for which they were offered. To illustrate: the member from the 22d Ohio district offers a bill in the interest of soldiers, and it goes to the committee to pensions, and there remains until about August or September prior to the next Congressional election. Then the bill, or a copy of it, is placed carefully among his papers, to be used before the primaries. If our aspirant for re-election happens to find a squad of sore-headed soldiers, he takes them out, one at a time, pointing to his little bill, and declaring it to be his sentiments, "but the other fellows couldn't see it; but if you send me back, I will know better how to manage it next time. I am going to have that bill passed if it takes all summer." It strikes me that 19-20ths of the pension legislation in the past has filled its mission when our man from the 22d district has been re-elected. The truth is the average Congressmen don't want to settle this question by doing justice to soldiers; there is too much political capital in it.—E. M. L.

Knows What He Wants.

ST. MARY'S, O.—I am decidedly in favor of a service pension for all old soldiers of the late war. Many are justly entitled to pensions, but cannot get them for the evidence required by the pension department, owing to the absence of comrades, and not knowing where to address them, and lack of hospital record. The invalid bill leaves too much of pauperism, and the 60 years of age is too far in the future. The number reaching that age is very few compared to the number dying before they reach 60 years.—224 O. V. I.

What a Pennsylvanian Wants.

BEECHTREE, PA.—I am in favor of a service pension bill to all veterans, white or black, that wore the blue. Gives us our just dues, and what is all we want. Pay up, as you promised, in gold or the value of it and pass a general service pension bill. I, for my part, want no dependent bill. We were not paupers in 1861 to 1865; we were good men enough to send and be shot and we are not paupers yet to get down and beg.—F. W. T., Co. C, 211th Pa.

A Soldier's Widow Speaks.

NEW HAGERSTOWN, O.—I think the dependent bill and service bill both very good, and certainly ought to be passed in order that some who have had claims pending for nine and ten years and have the benefit of perpetuance of "looking over certain technicalities" of the law during campaign times. It is very much like "The Demagogue" story—they seem to forget all about who put them in office. I think it a grand shame there has not been some consideration for all soldier's widows and children long ago who were unable to procure a pension under existing laws. My husband had a claim pending four or five years before his death and would have gotten a claim, but died from accident, leaving me to educate my children as best I might.—R. A. C. M.

The Difference Between 1861 and 1890.

TILDEN, NEB.—I believe that every Union soldier who served in the war of the rebellion, and who has arrived at the age of 50 years, should have a service pension of $12 per month, and also a land warrant for 160 acres of land. In 1861 we left our wives and children, to face the mouths of the cannon to save this nation; we saved it, and are we not justly entitled to these demands? When we enlisted we were promised all this, and more. Then it is the duty of the government to fulfill its promise. When we enlisted we were patted on the back, called "brave and loyal boys," but now we are getting old and infirm, broken down by exposure in saving this government from ruin, and are called "Grand Army cranks" and "paupers," by some of those same men who then were in favor of doing so much for us.—B. R.

A Case in Point.

LONG ISLAND, KAN.—I receive a pension of $8 per month for loss of sight of one eye. I was rated at $4 per month from time of discharge until July, 1883, and from a decision of the secretary of the Interior was increased to $8 per month since July, 1883. Now I see no reason why it should not be made $8 per month from date of discharge, because the same disability existed at the time of discharge as existed in 1883 and continues to exist.—J. H. W.

The Right Thing.

WAUNITA, KAN.—Having been a reader of your valuable paper for years and an admirer of that great and good man, Mr. D. R. Locke, or "Nasby," whose memory is ever dear to the loyal people of America, I cannot refrain from assisting you by sending name for the wider circulation of your paper in championing the cause of the American soldier. A liberal pension to soldiers, equally distributed, and the old hospital record thrown away, would be about the right thing.—M. B. C.

If Congress Fails.

BUD P. O., O.—My convictions are that if this Congress fails to pass the service pension bill, a part of the soldier vote that has been Republican will leave the party. That, I am sorry to say, is defeat.—H. C., Co. B, 34th Ind., and Co. C, 57th Ohio.

Broken Promises.

FARMINGTON, IOWA.—At the time of the war all of our speakers said, "Boys, go in, and we will see you get your just deserts, and if you fail in battle the government will take care of your widows and orphans." The press of the country teemed with promises that we should have 160 acres of land and be placed on the pension roll. Have those promises been fulfilled? Now, when we are getting old and need help to enjoy the government we added to save, we demand the fulfillment of those promises, made in good faith.—S. R. F.

Indorses Capt. Cannon.

LUDINGTON, MICH.—I wish to say Amen to what my brother soldier boys said on fifth page of THE BLADE of Jan. 5, Capt. Cannon in particular. I am one of the class he spoke of. I was in the 36th Wisconsin right along with him, and knew him well. I was with the regiment every day from Camp Russell, Wis., until we returned. Capt. C.'s remarks are the first that I have seen from the 36th Wisconsin, Company C. Where are you? Are you all dead? If not, drop me a line.—S. S. PHILLIPS.

Something Rotten.

HARTINGTON, NEB.—I think there is something very rotten about the present pension law, as I can name six wealthy soldiers who are drawing from $12 to $30 per month and, in fact, have little or no service record, while there are a greater number who are barely able to eke out a very meagre living who have three and four year service records, but are not able to pay $30 attorney's fees, nor show bummer hospital records.—12TH W. VA.

A Soldier's Wife Talks.

WILLISCA, IOWA.—Had there been an extra session called last spring, and the pension question settled then, it would have strengthened the Republican party greatly; but as it is now going it will require harder work to keep the soldiers from becoming turn-coats, for I often hear the remark that Harrison's message did not compare with Cleveland's on the pension question.—A SOLDIER'S WIFE.

Give Them a Chance.

CUMBERLAND FURNACE, TENN.—I am in favor of a service pension law. I think every honorably discharged soldier ought to have a pension. We find that the Scripture says it is well for a man to eat and drink and enjoy the good of his own labor, and I do consider that this government was saved from being blown out as a candle by the boys that wore the blue.—R. P.

A Case in Point.

PERCIVAL, IOWA.—I was strong and healthy when I enlisted, and came out broken down. I know scores of soldiers who deserve a pension, but not getting it, as they have no hospital record. I know that by myself. I think they had ought to have a service pension bill, that all soldiers can be benefited by it.—B. L. H., 17th Ill. Cav.

Two Things Needed.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—As the son of a veteran, I think every ex-union soldier should be granted a pension, and that right quick, too! Also those who now get pensions on account of disabilities incurred in the Union army and are survivors of the Mexican war, are entitled to consideration at the hands of this Congress to the extent that the Mexican bill be amended so as to allow them to draw the $8 per month allowed by it in addition to what they may now draw.—A. J. W.

Service Pension.

LAGRO, IND.—I am in favor of every union soldier having a pension. There are, to my knowledge, not less than three or four honorably discharged soldiers in our county poor house, and I must say it is a shame to this government and those in authority to permit this any longer.—R. R., 7th Ind. Cav.

A Strong Argument.

RICH HILL, MO.—On January 30 I saw a letter from G. G. Vest, Senator from Missouri, to an old soldier, in which he expressed this sentiment: "Had the Confederate soldiers been successful in the late war, I would have been in favor of giving the last dollar and the last acre of land the government had in order to make them comfortable," etc. This is the spirit that actuates the man who sustained the "lost cause," and should be the spirit that should control the men who sustained the triumphant cause. We have been paying the bondholders a pension in gold, in the way of interest, on every thousand dollars they risked in support of the government; and it is no more than right and just that we begin paying our old soldiers interest on their investment in the way of pensions. Let us have a service pension by all means, and that without delay. The interest bill of the nation has been over $150,000,000 per year in gold, and no one should grumble so long as the pension bill is not over $180,000,000 in currency. The soldier made the country what it is, now let the country make the soldier be what he ought to be, independent of the slavish fear of dependence or pauperism in his old age.—H.

An Emphatic Statement.

NEWBURG, W. VA.—As to the dependent pension bill, as published in THE BLADE, I would oppose it from first to last. It puts the disabled when he is dead, and out of the way, the widow gets her $12 per month, and each child must have $4 per month—as much as to say after death the wife and children are honored, but in life dishonored. I say, let us have but one dis ability pension; let those that prove their disabilities contracted in the service and in line of duty, receive a pension, commencing from the date of discharge; and those who have become disabled since discharge, receive a pension according to disability, commencing from date of becoming disabled or from date of filing application. Let us have but one grade of pension; let the lowest rating be $6 per month, and from that amount to $12 per month, according to disability, and let Congress see that no claim shall remain in the Pension office over one year after the date of filing; and let each widow of a soldier receive $12 per month in her own right so long as she remains a widow. But so long as the Pension office is run as it has been it would be little use for a soldier to apply for a pension; for I see in THE BLADE of January 30 that there are 400,000 claims for pensions now in the Pension office unadjudicated. What are all those 1,500 clerks doing? Is it not time to do away with so much red tape and adjudicate those completed claims?

Let us have a service pension of $8 per month to all men who served 90 days and were honorably discharged, with 1 cent per day per month for the whole term of service added thereto. There need be no excuse that the government is not able to pay it, for I see in THE BLADE of December 19 that the unadjudicated States Treasury paid to bondholders $17,292,362 as a premium on their bonds. After paying principal and interest in full to date, then giving them the above amount for the year ending June 30, 1889. Is not our debt as good as the bondholders?—J. W. C.

An Andersonville Prisoner Speaks.

CHADRON, Neb.—We have some out here in this far Western country who dwelled upon the sad impression. They have been made exiles, with the advice never to return to their Northern country if they did not want to stretch hemp. Here they are allowed to not only stay but have the full rights of citizenship; yet they say the time is not enough of the old soldiers dead to pass a general pension bill, such as the service pension or the dependant pension bill. No! I suppose not. Those demagogues go to Congress, get their good solid pay, and that is about as far as it is possible for them to do so. We subjugated them, then turned right around and voted for them to be reinstated as citizens with all that we enjoy. There is, once in a great while, a man out here who claims to have been in the service during the war—but I venture he was a bounty jumper or a substitute, never heard a wild Johnny yell, nor was in a skirmish—say there are too many of the old veterans living to pass a general pension law. I wish I had been with those who ate only soup, and worms and other filth mixed with it, sour mush, the mush and bread was mixed up with water that carried all the sewerage of the rebel negro parole camps and the camp guards, and which was more like that which drains from our stables in the spring of the year. The men who issued our mush out to us would get into the box with their feet all filthy with sand and where men have to wrestle the night before. I think such a man wants to court favor with the Democratic party for office. If I were a leader of the Democratic party I would be afraid of such fellows to turn against the men who stood shoulder to shoulder fighting for the principle which they thought and said was right, and then oppose the making of a law that would help the old veterans eke out the remainder of their lives with a little more ease, when they are passing away very rapidly. Comrades, where are they? Many are dead and passed over the river we don't need it then. Comrade pension opposer, let up, give us a rest. If your heart was too cowardly to go to the front, or hadn't enough to stand the gruff, don't try to stand in the way of others that did have the courage and bravery to stand between you and danger and save you a home. —G. W. D., Co. F, 135th Ohio.

An Impregnable Position.

MT. VERNON, Ill.—I endorse your undertaking and the interest your valuable paper takes in the defenders of our country. All kinds of promises were made when the old flag was in danger. If those promises and pledges were good then, why not be honest and keep the faith? We have done so with the bondholder, and I am glad we did. I love to see my government keep her word. I have always been a Republican, and I have always believed that if ever the Republican party had control of both houses the soldiers would get their just dues. We have been promised that by the Republican party, and we have been corralled and driven into the Republican ranks by shibboleth leaders, and we have looked forward to the times we have now—as none but those who have been tried by fire can look—to see a soldier President and our party in control of both houses. Now, if this Congress does not keep the faith, I am afraid the name of the Republican party will be changed to that of "*Dennis*." We have had promises enough. I am already pensioned, but want to see justice done. I want a service pension bill, not a pauper bill, for the men who made this nation what it is.—J. P. C., 13th U.S., and 12th Tenn. Cav.

A Plain Case.

ATKINSON, NEB.—If the government is going to do anything for us, it is time it was about it, or it will soon be too late. I don't like to find fault with the government, but I think I have the soldier right. In the first place it only paid us 50 cents on the dollar. If it don't pension us it should do as it agreed. Money would not hire me to go through what I did—wade swamps, part of the time on half rations, and ten months in a rebel hell, where we got one pint of corn meal per day, ground cob, shuck and all; about once a week we got a few bits of beef, so poor and slimy we had to roll it in the sand to hold it; some times we got a few acorns by going out and gathering them, with two guards to one Yankee. You may think I am stretching the blanket a little; if you do, call on the 77th Ohio or on the 43d Indiana boys.—J. G. R., Co. D, 36th Iowa.

An Ohio Republican Speaks.

CREOLA, O.—I am in favor of a service pension pure and simple. Give each soldier one cent or more a day per month for the time he served. I regard the proposition to allow the man who served only 90 days as much as the man who served 800 days as unjust and outrageous. I think Congress should take up this pension matter at once, and keep it up until it has completed all the pension legislation necessary. Of course, we cannot compel them to do this, but they know well the needs and the wishes of the veterans. If they fail to respond now, let us not fail to remember them next fall. I have voted the Republican ticket since 1859, save one year—1862, when, being in the army, I was not allowed a vote. I have almost concluded that twenty years is long enough to support a party which has promised so much and done so little for the soldier.—W. S. M.

Pension Laws Too Stringent.

VERMILLION, S. D.—Many of the ex-soldiers of this section have suffered on account of the stringency in the pension laws. We are personally acquainted with several who are nearly destitute, but on account of some little discrepancy in their proofs, are unable to procure their just dues. Advocate more lenient laws and a general pension bill.—J. A. M.

Not Getting What They Deserve.

HAGERMAN, O.—I do not believe our government can pay too much in the way of pensions. I do not believe there is a man getting any more than he deserves, but hundreds are not getting what they should have, and while I am a pensioner and believe I am getting a fair pension, I know of many that do not get half what they should receive.—J. W. M.

Turn About is Fair Play.

BROOKLYN, MICH.—I think the Union soldiers have paid the bondholders' taxes long enough, so that they (the bondholders) can afford to stop awhile and let the old veterans have a slice at Uncle Sam's money box.—L. H., Co. F, 13th Mich.

Likes the Blade.

HALSTEAD, KAN.—I am an old soldier, and I like THE BLADE for the stand that it has taken in favor of the veterans, and more especially for the bold stand it has taken in favor of Prohibition.—I. M., Co. H, 10th Iowa.

They Enlisted From Patriotism.

——: I think it no more than right to show a little favor towards the boys that braved the storm of lead to save the Union. It looked hard those days, so little thought of now; I never had any thought of getting anything, as I got so little when I was in the service. It shows how little a soldier is cared for since the war.—W. A., Co. A, 80th Wis.

His Choice.

SOONOVER, IND.—My favorite is the service pension bill.—J. H. W.

An Illustration.

MEDFORD, MINN.—I think the pension laws should be revised and a general service pension law passed, so that a veteran could get what he is entitled to. In looking over the pension question I draw my conclusions from the outlook in my own company. (I do not take in the comrades who are drawing pensions on wounds.) All the pensions granted are to men who dropped out and were discharged; while of the men who were with the company through Kansas, then down the river to Columbus, Ky., and down through Holly Springs, Miss., only to retreat out of there when we could not reach Vicksburg by that route; back from thence to Memphis, Tenn., down the river to Young's Point; march below Vicksburg, and came up from below pass through the seige of that place; join Sherman in his first great infantry raid from Vicksburg to Meridian, Miss., then garrisoning Natchez, Miss., for several months, getting a furlough in the spring of 1864; then joining Sherman at Big Shanty, and passing through the Atlanta campaign, then march to the sea, then through the Carolinas to Richmond, Va.; thence to Washington, D. C., Louisville, Ky., and then home; and not one of that set of boys is drawing a pension to-day.—G. H. B.

Red Tape Absurdity.

KELSO, WASH.—A great many of us think that if the government intends to do anything further for the Union soldier it is now time to do it. Take my own case for example: I enlisted July 15, 1861; was present and took part in every battle and skirimish in which my regiment was ever engaged, and was captured on the skirmish line at Missionary Ridge, Nov. 25, 1863, in the last hour of the last battle in which my regiment was ever engaged, for as there was but a very few of them left, they were kept at various points doing provost duty until their time expired, when, think there not being enough of them left to keep up the organization, what few were left to re-enlist were consolidated with the 5th Iowa Cavalry. We who were captured (74 in number) passed the first winter on Belle Isle, river at Richmond, Va., Andersonville, and were then taken to Charleston, and from there to Florence and other prisons where all died from exposure, starvation and abuse, except four of us, and I know that at least two of them were left crippled by the scurvy. I myself have left a rupture by the same, and am entitled to a pension as the man that was always looking for a cot in some hospital. My grandfather served three campaigns in the revolutionary war, and was crippled for life; my father served under Jackson at Mobile and New Orleans in 1813 and 1814; I have three brothers living who went through the civil war—four of us in all. As for politics, neither of the men ever will vote the Democratic ticket.—E. H., 24 Lieut. Co. F, 24 Tenn.

Don't Wait Till They Die.

HAMLIN, W. VA.—Ingree with you that where any of the present pension laws are "obscure or conflicting" Congress should amend. I also endorse the service pension bill, with one amendment, to wit, let the soldier begin to receive his pension at 55 years of age instead of 62 years, as I understand the bill to provide; and for the reasons, such a large number of soldiers will be so near their graves at that age, and many gone before that time, and I think if we have a general pension law, it should be made to benefit the soldiers during their lives.—W. A. C., Co. K, 173d Ohio.

Will They Do It?

AVOCA, N. Y.—We are glad to see you take hold of this pension business. We told our Democrat comrades if they would help us to elect Harrison and a Republican Congress they would see something done to help the soldier. Now are they going to do it?—J. B.

Young Men, Help!

WALLACE, NEB.—Senators, Representatives would you make targets of our bodies for the small sum of $13 a month, to say nothing of the hardships of soldier life? Hardly. Then why ask other men to? Wipe out all existing pension laws, and make a plain simple law, giving to every Union soldier a pension. Young men, the passage of new and more liberal pension laws lies greatly with us. Write your Congressmen, asking them to look after the welfare of the veterans.—W. N.

"Service" Sounds Better.

ELK FALLS, KAN.—"Dependent" don't sound well; "service" sounds like it. Give us the service pension bill, repeal the arrearage limit, equalize the bounty, and stop tinkering with the tariff till the old boys are paid, for there are but few who are more or less broken down and unable to work who left our ranks until went to the front in 1861-65, with cheers, and saved one of the grandest governments under the sun; now, in 1890, we have to leave our families and go to a soldiers' home or poor house.—H. C., 21st Mo.

A Prisoner of War Speaks.

CINCINNATI, IOWA.—Let the tariff alone and give it to the old soldiers. It is not hurting any one very much, if any; give it to the soldiers and it will not only help them but almost everybody. I am unable to work any, and I think Congress should do something for us old pensioners of war that are living. It will soon be too late.—S. Z., Co. B, 6th Kan. Cav.

Who Was "Dependent" in 1861?

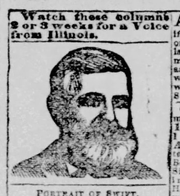
——: I don't like the "dependent" idea. Who was dependent in 1861? Not the man of 17 or 18 who gave three of the best years of his life, certainly.—C. L., 26th N. Y. Battery.

An Admirable and Excellent Way.

Indianapolis Journal.

There is only one way for a minority to rule, and that is to appeal to the people and obtain a majority. This is an admirable and excellent way, and has the merit of being in accordance with popular government.

Watch these columns 2 or 3 weeks for a Voice from Illinois.



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Publishers' Column.

OUR "TEA SET" OFFER.

The Blade tea set, of which an advertisement will be found elsewhere, is not a toy tea set, but the pieces are all of full size. The shape and pattern are exclusive for THE BLADE. The material is of the best grade of American-made ironstone china. The decoration is in the style now so fashionable, and as good as can be found anywhere. There are eighty pieces in the set, as follows: 12 breakfast plates, 12 tea plates, 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 fruit (or sauce) dishes, 12 "individual" butter dishes, 2 cake plates, a teapot and cover, a sugar bowl and cover, a cream pitcher and a bowl.

The Toilet Set.

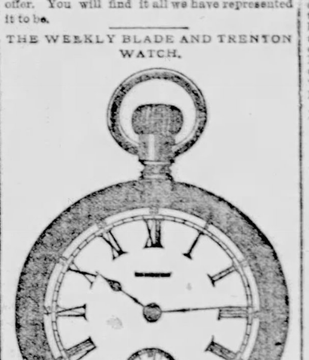
The toilet set is of the same kind of ware. It consists of twelve pieces, ordinary size of such articles. This set consists of a large water pitcher and wash-basin, slop-jar and cover, chamber and cover, soap dish, drainer and cover, small pitcher for drinking water, mug and vase. They are packed, each set in a box, and shipped direct from the factory to the purchaser, upon our order. The box can go by freight or express, but the charges are lighter by freight, though it takes longer for it to come.

Read the advertisement and note the remarkably easy terms upon which you can obtain either of these. The conditions there given are the *only* ones on which you can get them. There never was a more useful and valuable premium given with any paper than these. THE BLADE has never made as good an offer, save on the sewing machine.

THE BLADE COOK STOVE.

The Blade cook stove is a No. 8—the ordinary family size. The cut gives a good idea of its appearance. Such a stove usually retails at from $16 to $20. This is a *good* stove, well made, of good material and latest design; very convenient in all its parts; handsomely finished; burns wood or coal. No one be afraid to order for fear the stove is but a catch-penny affair; THE BLADE can not afford to send out an article not as good as represented. It is as good a stove, in all respects, as you can buy anywhere at retail, for 50 per cent more than we ask for it. Parties ordering stoves should be particular to state whether they wish to use wood or coal, as we send the grates for either, but not for both. If the fuel is not named, we always send a coal burner. Of course, wood can be burned in it, but it is better to have the wood-grate in. If ordered afterward, it will cost 75 cents and the freight. Don't hesitate to accept our cook-stove offer. You will find it all we have represented it to be.

THE WEEKLY BLADE AND TRENTON WATCH.



The demand for a better grade of watch than heretofore supplied with THE BLADE, has forced us to discard the watches recently offered with THE BLADE at $4.00 and $4.25, and look for something better. After a careful investigation we have decided to use the Trenton watch, which is, without doubt, the best watch for the money in the United States. It is a stem winder and stem setter. Unlike other stop watches, it can be repaired by any jeweler. For a club of 10 yearly subscribers sent at one time with $10, we will send this watch free or will send WEEKLY BLADE one year and a Trenton watch for $5.

THE BLADE, TOLEDO, O.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $3.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

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Some months ago THE BLADE inaugurated a scheme of supplying, at a very low price, copies or reproductions of the most celebrated paintings of the world. That this scheme has been appreciated by the readers of THE BLADE is evidenced by the fact that we have sold many thousands, and purchasers of one of the set are sure to become subscribers to the balance of the series. These pictures are printed on heavy plate paper, size about 22x28. They are printed in rich tints, by a new photo-etching process, and are beautiful reproductions of the celebrated paintings whose names they bear. Art stores retail these pictures at from 50 cents to $1 each. We send them postpaid by mail in heavy pasteboard tube at only 25 *cents each*. When framed they are fine enough or anybody's house, and the price so low that everybody may get an idea of the grand paintings they represent. We shall add to our list from time to time. The following we now have on hand:

Christ Before Pilate. By Munkacsy. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Representing our Savior, bound and brought before Pilate for trial.

Christ in the Temple. By Hoffman. Representing Christ at 12 years of age in the Temple, in the midst of the doctors, both hearing and asking them questions. "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

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These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

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Address,

THE BLAD

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

FULL SEVENTY YEARS.

Susan B. Anthony's Half-Century's Unselfish Labor for Woman.

"GOVERNMENTS derive their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Words of wisdom, words of truth crystalized into a sentence which has been the mainspring of a life that to-day rounds its 70th year—a life grand and heroic beyond that of many whose names are blazoned in letters of gold upon the pages of history. We, the great majority of women, have read and re-read this sentence embodying a principle more enduring than the granite hills that ages may rend and crumble, and then calmly accepted the situation which gave it the lie continually, but she, this one I speak of, through storms of ridicule, of contumely, of mental and moral persecution, has gone her way, year in and year out, working without ceasing, loyal to the conviction that it should be made to apply to her own sex as to the other, true to the belief that it is not only simple justice, but for the advancement of both men and women, and for the maintenance of the national honor, pledged to respect and defend the rights of its citizens wherever and whenever they are violated. And to-day this brave soul, whose personality is named

SUSAN B. ANTHONY,

passes the seventieth milestone of a life magnificent in a good work, the nature of which will be recognized the more as the years are marshalled into the past.

It has not been very many months since I gave to the readers of THE BLADE a sketch of the career of Miss Anthony, and therefore I shall not now pause to enter into particulars. You will remember that she was born in Massachusetts of wealthy Quaker parentage; was reared in New York state whither her father removed when she was but five years old; taught school when, later on, a financial panic brought him ruin; began, during her fifteen years in this work, her struggle against the unjust discrimination against women, simply because of the accident of sex in the matter of wages entering publicly into the temperance cause in 1849, and becoming then convinced that woman is powerless to change the conditions in this respect without the ballot; espousing from that moment the woman suffrage cause to which she has since devoted herself heart and soul, using all of her energies, her physical and mental strength in its forwarding—these things are all a matter of history that need not now be recapitulated. There are, however, many incidents in her career that makes the blood tingle in my veins as I recall them, and to two of these I will refer.

FIRST PUBLIC SPEECH.

Her own recital of the first time she attempted to speak in public is dramatic as well as amusing. Never before had a woman taken the bit in her own mouth and uttered her opinions in the presence of an assemblage of men and women. She might chafe under injustice—as no doubt many of them did—but she might not protest, for Paul had commanded her to keep silent, and silent she must be. Susan, however, did not view the matter in that light. It was at a meeting of the New York Teachers' association, and the men had discussed for hours the question of why the profession was not regarded with the same respect as that of the lawyer, the doctor and the minister. They could come to no conclusion, but the energetic little woman, so strongly leavened with equality, had done so, and presently rising to her feet, she threw her first bombshell by the utterance of the cabalistic words that attract the attention of all conventions—"Mr. President."

It is funny now to think of the consternation this unexpected happening caused in that august assembly, of how the men, shocked and startled, must have craned their necks, and gazed with wide-open eyes upon this anomalous creature; of how the women, some of them even more shocked and startled, must have quivered with indignation at the scandal she was bringing upon her sex. A consciousness of her audacity did not, however, check the words that fell from her lips as soon as the President found breath to recognize her:

"I merely wish to suggest," she said, "a solution to the question you have been discussing. As long as society says that a woman has not brains enough to be a doctor, a lawyer, or a minister, yet may be a teacher, do you not see, gentlemen, that every man of you who enters the profession of a teaching, puts himself on the level of this degraded class, and tacitly acknowledges that he has no more brains than a woman?"

There was silence in that convention when she sat down. The discussion was not resumed. Her logic was unanswerable.

HER ARREST AND TRIAL.

This episode was amusing, but her arrest and trial for voting at the Presidential election of 1872, had in it the elements of tragedy. Believing with an intensity of feeling that cannot be estimated, that her sex was subjected to daily and hourly wrongs because refused the privilege of the governed to give consent to the laws that govern, she resolved to bring, in the only way possible, this great constitutional question before the tribunals of the country for adjudication. She voted the Electoral, Congressional, State and Assembly tickets, and they were accepted. Then she was arrested and tried for the offense against the law.

And what a farce the trial was. Said Judge Selden in the introduction to his argument for the defendant:

"Women have the same interest that men have in the establishment and maintenance of good government; they are to the same extent as men bound to obey the laws; they suffer to the same extent by bad laws, and profit to the same extent by good laws; and upon principles of equal justice, as it would seem, should be allowed equally with men, to express their preference in the choice of law-makers and rulers. But, however that may be, no greater absurdity, to use no harsher term, could be presented, than that of rewarding men and punishing women, for the same act, without giving to women any voice in the question which should be rewarded, and which punished."

To-day his argument would be acknowledged as at least worthy of consideration, but then in a regular Star-Chamber style, Judge Hunt proceeded to instruct the jury that they had but one thing to do and that was to find the accused guilty. Nor would he even allow the jury to be polled, but immediately discharged them in the most arbitrary manner. The next day her application was made for a new trial and refused.

A THRILLING SCENE.

The most thrilling scene, however, occurred when Judge Hunt, after ordering the criminal to stand up, asked her if she had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced.

Then the strong, convincing, yet terse sentences poured forth in a flood which the judge vainly tried to stem and could not. He had told her to stand up and she stood, but when he ordered her to sit down she would not. I wish I could give you here all that she said, but you will find it in the *Woman's Tribune* of February 1. This is her answer to his assertion that she had been tried by the established forms of law:

Yes, your honor, but by forms of law all made by men, interpreted by men, administered by men, in favor of men, and against women; and hence, your honor's ordered verdict of guilty, against a United States citizen for the exercise of "that citizen's right to vote," simply because that citizen was a woman and not a man. But, yesterday, the same man-made forms of law declared it a crime punishable with $1,000 fine and six months' imprisonment for you, or me, or any of us, to give a cup of cold water, a crust of bread, or a night's shelter to a panting fugitive as he was tracking his way to Canada. And every man or woman in whose veins coursed a drop of human sympathy violated that wicked law, reckless of consequences, and was justified in so doing. As then, the slaves who got their freedom must take it over, or under, or through the unjust forms of law, precisely so, now, must women, to get the right to a voice in this government, take it; and I have taken mine, and mean to take it every possible opportunity.

When she had finished what she wished to say she ceased, and the court sentenced her to pay $100 fine and the costs of the prosecution. She said then and there, she would never pay a dollar of it, and she never has. Comment upon the failure to imprison her is unnecessary.

I think I cannot do better than to close this little tribute to one whom I honor with my whole soul, with the tender, loving words of Laura M. Johns, who speaks for the Kansas women, ending thus:

"Of the other great generals of this movement most have had aid and sympathy and support in husband, home and children, but she has been the unhelped helper of others. Always to efface herself and her own interests and to put the cause to the fore; always to be striving to place a crown upon some other brow; always to be receiving and giving, but never retaining; always enriching the work, but never herself; always to be at work through weariness and difficulty, and resting only in a change of labor; to bear the brunt of the onus and the stinging hail of ridicule which fell on this movement and to receive with surprised tears the first flowers that bloomed in her difficult way, and to be in the heat of the noonday in the harvest field at 70, and yet mighty and with years of activity and usefulness remaining to her to add to the gigantic life record of her own it with such dignity as belongs to few lives,—that is the story of Susan B. Anthony's life.

May this life be extended yet many happy years in which the ripened fruit of her unselfish labors shall become visible to her longing eyes, and satisfy her yearning heart.

Emily S. Bouton

TRANSFORMATIONS IN WHITE AND GOLD.

Given a little taste and ingenuity and it is a comparative easy matter to transform an old, cast off article of furniture into a thing of beauty, and that, too, with very little expense. The increasing fancy for white and gold decorations offers a wide field for experiments in this line, and one or two examples may not come amiss to the members of the HOUSEHOLD For instance, an old cane seated chair or a discolored willow rocker may again be made a respectable member of society after undergoing the following process: Give the frame-work of the chair a priming of white paint, put on as smoothly as possible, and thinned somewhat with turpentine. If an ivory tone is desired a little burnt sienna may be added to the paint. When perfectly dry varnish with a good imperial carriage gloss paint. This, after drying, should be rubbed down with emery paper, and another coat of the gloss paint applied, thinning with turpentine as needed. The chair may then be decorated with lines in gold, and cushions of peacock-blue plush or dainty flowered India silk may be attached to the seat and back by handsome ribbons, or cord and tassels.

A novel piece of furniture which is suitable for the parlor or sitting room, may be made in a similar manner. If you do not own an old cabinet which may be utilized for the purpose, have made a simple frame of four uprights, supporting two shelves, the lower one eighteen inches from the floor, and the upper one the same distance above the lower. Each shelf should be about fourteen inches square. The frame-work, if a more elaborate effect than the simple treatment described above is desired, may be covered with a moulding of linerusta, which is beautiful picked out in gold. Substitute gold for the second coat of white paint. The third coat should be of the white as before directed, and, while still moist, should be removed from the prominent portions of the design with a soft linen cloth. This leaves a gold groundwork beneath. The open sides of the cabinet may be filled in with shirred pongee in any pretty color. The front panel, at least, should be run upon a small brass rod, that it may easily be drawn aside.

Do you want a lovely mirror? Take an old frame, paint it in ivory, and then "dab" it with gold, with a sheaf of stiff brush that will be loosely filled. This will give a mottled effect of gold upon an ivory ground, and with a pretty "drape" of some soft material to lend a little contrast, you will be surprised at the transformation of your cast-off frame. A variety of articles may be modernized and beautified in this way, with but slight expenditure of time and money.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

OLD CHAIRS.—A great many have old chairs, no doubt, that were mother's, or grandmother's, that have not thought how beautiful they are considered nowadays. I have one. I will tell the sisters how I fixed it: I first sandpapered it, then stained it rose wood (ebony or ivory white are pretty), then gave it a coat of varnish. I then bought one yard of the new style bed-ticking, at 20 cents per yard, with an old gold stripe, blended into red, and a wide stripe of brown. I embroidered the brown stripes with old gold and red silks, and outlined the edges of the wide brown stripe with old gold tinsel, and made a heavy cushion. If you like you can put two or three rows of different colored tinsel around it. Then I made two little flat pillows the same way, and tied them together over the top, with long loops of mahogany-colored ribbons, and tied a large bow of the same on the lower left hand part of the back. I have seen others gilded, and two shades of ribbon run through the backs and united in the center with a large bow; others with plush bolsters cut in the shape of crescents, and trimmed with bangles or plush balls. The way I get my bangles, if I want to use a great many of them, more than you feel like buying, is to go to a tinner and have him cut you out a lot, whatever size you want them, and you can also have him punch a little hole in for you to sew them on by. And gild them, or whenever you are painting, and have a little of any shade of paint, paint a few of each shade for future use. The more shades the better. Some are pretty to paint, like a pansy or forget-me-not. Your own taste will suggest many ways to ornament them, or varnish them and sprinkle rice on and gild or paint. I will tell you soon how to decorate old pie or jelly tins that have passed their day of usefulness.—MRS. ESTHER BURLINGAME. Counseaut, O.

CABINET FRAME.—I want to tell the HOUSEHOLD how I made a cabinet frame, one that is pretty and not at all expensive. Take a thin pine board and cut it 14½ inches long by 8 wide, saw out an opening 3½ inches wide by 5½ long; cut this in the upper left-hand corner 2 inches from the top and 1½ inches from the left side. If it is sawed rounding at the top it looks best; cover with velvet, plush or satin, fitting it neatly around the opening.

Line the back with cambric, tacked on with small tacks, first tacking your picture in place with or without glass over it. I painted a spray of wild roses on mine, and it is very pretty to put on table or mantle. If any of the readers wish to try it I will send them the pattern of wild roses free, if they will send a self addressed and stamped envelope to—MRS. B. HESS, 413 Virginia avenue, Elkhart, Ind.

TO MAKE A QUILT.—I would like to tell the sisters of the Household how I am making a quilt. Last summer, if you recollect, I asked through the columns of the Household for silk, satin or worsted pieces. I received several, but not enough to make a quilt of them alone. They were in squares, so I put each one in the center of a larger square of old calico, and pieced crazy work all around, and worked in feather stitch with different stitches, making a large block. It will take about 25 for the quilt. I think it will be very pretty, and it is quickly done. I wish to say to those who sent me pieces last summer, that I am very thankful. And now I would like to ask if any one would be so kind as to send me papers or magazines to read. I am very fond of reading and would be very grateful.—MRS. MELLIE AMMERMAN, West Lebanon, Ind. E.

The fancy-work arrticles described in the book "Fancy Work and House Decoration" are all pretty and in good style, and many of them inexpensive. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t to o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sl st, scroll stitch; o ch st, open chain stitch; tr, treble; s ch c, short crochet.

NARROW LACE.—Cast on 6 sts. First row—s 1—t to 2—p 2 tog—k 1—t to 2—k 2. Second row—s 1—k 2—p 1—k 1—t to 2—p 2 tog—k 1. Third row—s 1—t to 2—p 2 tog—k 5. Fourth row—l) 2—k 2—t to 2—p 2 tog—k 1.—MRS. G. W. RAWLINGS, Calhoun, Ill.

LADIES' WINTER OVER-SOCKS.—Cast upon 5 coarse knitting needles 124 stitches of the coarsest wool yarn; join together like a stocking. Knit 2 plain, seam 2, round after round for 2 inches. Then commence and knit four stitches plain in the middle of one needle twice around. Next (third) time narrow the first plain stitch of the first 4 plain upon the first stitch this side next to the first seam; then knit 2 plain, slip off the fourth plain stitch, knit the next one, pull the slip stitch over the knitted 1; then knit along as before, until you come around to the narrow, and slip and bind. Follow in this way for 5 inches, until the leg is of a sufficient size for No. 8 lady's boot or gentleman. I have knitted more than 200 or 300 pairs, of almost every size, large and small. Above is self-made.—MRS. M. C. FARR, Taftsville, Vt.

WIDE LACE.—This is pretty for white aprons or pillow-slips. Use No. 40 thread and fine steel hook. Make chain of 42 stitches. 1st row—Miss 3 loops—3 tr—2 ch—3 tr, all in 4-h loop—(these form 1 shell); miss 2 stitches—1 d c in next stitch—3 ch—miss 3 stitches, 1 shell in next stitch; miss 2 stitches—1 d c in next stitch—*—6 ch—miss 3 ch—1 d c in next stitch; repeat from * to end of row. 2d row—6 ch—1 d c in third of 1st 6 ch—*—6 ch—1 d c in third of next 6 ch; repeat from star five times—3 ch—1 shell under 2 ch of shell—1 d c in last tr of shell—3 ch—1 shell under 2 ch of next shell—1 d c on last tr of shell—turn. 3d row—*—3 ch—shell on shell—1 d c on last tr of shell, repeat from star once—*—6 ch—1 d c in third loop of 6 ch; repeat from last star to end of row. Repeat the pattern from the 2d row for the length required.

Border to Lace—1st row—Fasten with a d c on first tr of shell of the 1st row of shells—5 ch—8 double trebles under loop of 3 ch at the turn of 2d row of shell—5 ch—1 d c in the d c at end of the 6th row—5 ch—8 double trebles under loop of 3 ch at turn of 9th row, and so on, leaving 3 shells between each scallop of 8 trebles. 2d row—*—3 ch—1 d c between 1st and 2d tr of scallop—3 ch—1 d c between next 2 tr's; repeat along the scallop—3 ch—1 d c in 2d of 5 ch (a)—3 ch—1 d c in 4 in of same—5 ch—1 d c in d c—3 ch—1 d c in 2d of next 5 ch; repeat from (a) once, then repeat from star to end of row.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Ore

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOT ALL BAD.—May I visit the HOUSEHOLD again? I am glad to know that Arkansaw contains so grand and sensible a man as L. R. Morphew, and am glad to know that he considers wrong-doing wrong in a man as well as in a woman. Persons have tried to make me believe that men are all bad, that although the "stronger vessel," they are lacking in moral strength, the strength which is far superior to physical strength as God's thoughts are above our thoughts. They would have me think that no men are strong enough to "keep themselves pure," that they can "be good" only when they are surrounded with good innocent women and children for protection. Now, I don't want to believe this. Won't some more men like Mr. Morinhew write and help to increase our faith in their sex? By writing on the subject you might be able to start influences which will help on the so much needed reform in our social system, which will allow a man to commit a crime and still be honized, while a woman he has led to destruction is branded an outcast forever, because, though the "weaker vessel," she is expected to protect her own virtue and his also.

Let men, and women, too, brand these vile, cowardly wretches as they deserve. Instead of doing this, some women marry them and then weep and break their hearts because their children are "chips of the old block."

May the time come when good and true women will let these creatures realize that if they would have honorable women for wives, they must be honorable men. Let us look upon both sexes with equal disapproval for their wickedness, with equal love and compassion when they give proof of repentance and a better life. In God's sight, sin is sin, whether in man or woman.—LULU LUCE, Jacob's Creek, Penn.

BABIES' CLOTHES.—I have noticed several articles in THE BLADE written on the clothing of infants, some saying, they have never allowed their babies to wear bands. Now, what objection do you have to bands? I put short clothes on my baby before he was three months old. I consider long clothes as a nuisance, as they do not give a child the free action of its limbs. In my opinion it is a sin to burden a child with long skirts as it makes them uncomfortable and cross; then they are hard to "do up," and make a great deal of unnecessary work for tired, worn-out mothers, and they look just as sweet, and are just as healthy, but of course they must wear stockings.—MRS. B.

CORRESPONDENCE CLIPPINGS.

I for one differ with "Missouri Cad." In the first place, a man who drinks is not a fit associate for a good girl. We would not want our boys to be with him, much less our girls. And it would not do the young man any good to have too marked attention paid to him. He would conclude at once that he held as high, if not a higher, place in society than the temperate young man, and would see no inducement for him to be gained by being temperate. Show young men that if they want the company and friend-ship of pure girls they must at least keep themselves respectable and worthy of such friendship; and don't marry a *bad* man, no matter what his faults may be, with the idea in your head that you are making it over out of yourself, as that God requires the sacrifice. It is not your mission on earth. There are higher spheres in life where good can be done without losing either your dignity or your happiness.—B. I. K.

The young man whose heart yields not to the entreaties and responds not to the earnest desire and teaching of a loving mother and fond sisters, will not, in the majority of cases, hold to the pledges and promises he has made to the young lady whose company he keeps, or to the wife she may become. The experience and trials of too many mothers and children; yea, widows and orphans, homelets and poor, testify to this.—A READER.

"M. C." thinks a young lady should accept the company of a tobacco user that she may reform him.

I know it is fine to talk about keeping company "to influence young men to do right." But, do you never think that he may have an influence also? and in going with him you may unconsciously lower your own moral standard, and not raise his? "Charity begins at home," and my opinion is that we girls ought to try our influence on the members of our own families before experimenting elsewhere, or sending our brothers for some other fellow's sisters to experiment on.—"LITTLE DOT."

"Missouri Cad's" frankness has aroused many thoughts in my own heart on this same subject. I certainly think it the duty, both christian and social, of every woman, whether young or old, to use every proper means within her power to persuade young men to abandon the wine and tobacco habits. But would it always be best to "go with them?" I think not. You need not "turn from them in scorn." Just let your own life by its purity show others how utterly impossible it would be for you to countenance vice. Any man is worth saving always. Then let us try, by what we most truly believe to be the right way, to do this. But, girls, be careful. Do not try in your own strength to direct any man in this delicate matter. Do all in His name who taught us to say "Deliver us from evil," remembering that you are but instruments in His hands to accomplish this work.—WINNIE.

"A Kentucky Girl" writes that she agrees with "M. C.," and that the best friend she has, is a young man who has reformed from evil ways, through her not refusing to keep company with him while she knew he was indulging in bad habits.

INQUIRIES.

MRS. A. J. Leyon, Wilmington, Ill., would like directions for apple leaf lace, and oak leaf lace.

Will the subscriber of Northeastern Washington send her address to Miss A. V. Brown, Monroeville, O?

What can I do with my bed of tulips? I set them out the last of October and now they are through the ground and two or three inches high? Please answer as soon as possible. E.

Will some of the sisters correct the mistake in the knitting, which I will mention: Perfect leaf lace in March 8, 1888; rose leaf edging in May 30, 1889; leaf lace in June 6, 1889. I do not know what fagot means; I am over 60, and never saw the word in knitting before. Pretty vine lace in August 22, 1887.

MRS. JOEL BASS.

Will some one send directions for crocheting zephyr plumes? Also, to restore the color to black kid gloves, where the fingers have turned red, caused by getting wet?—SUB.

Will some one send directions for Perfection lace? If "Mrs. J. H." will send me her name and address I will answer her request with pleasure. Would like the name and address of "Betsy Backwoods;" and will some one that makes the pansy or calla lily lamp mats write to me?—MRS. JOHN HORNING, Box 43, Penfield, Pa.

Are there are any lace patterns in Miss mily S. Bouton's book?—MRS. E. R.

There are a few.—ED.

Will "Sub," of Southwestern Oregon, in BLADE of October 31, please send me his address at once, and greatly oblige one who wishes to go to Oregon to locate?—C. M. ROSE, Alm, Wabaunsee Co., Kas.

"Amaryllis" would like to know if any one who has tried hickory nut oil for hair that is growing gray, has received any benefit.

Miss L. C. Barbour, Dell Rapids, South Dakota, and Emma M. LaPorte, Alexandria, Clark Co., Mo., would like to correspond with some of the young people of the HOUSEHOLD.

Will some of THE BLADE readers send me pattern for baby's first short dress? Address M. C. C., Box 25, Villenove, Chau Co., N. Y.

Will some one throw some light on the following subjects for me: In painting flowers, leaves, faces, or anything for that matter, are not the predominating colors laid on first, and that part intended to stand out or in relief laid on afterward? Are not the different shades each allowed to dry before adding another shade or color? Can you give me some instructions about painting scenery, consisting of mountains, trees, streams and bodies of water, buildings and sky? Also snow or winter scenes, and rocks and cliffs—RUTH.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

"L. S.," Box 730, Hillsboro, Ohio, wishes a copy of BLADE for December 27, 1888, and will return postage to any one sending it.

MRS. L. C., Erie, Kansas: Finger bowls are brought to the table after the meal is finished, and placed before the guests, who dip the ends of their fingers in the water and then wipe them on their napkins. To serve a dinner where there are no servants kept, it is best to have as few changes as possible. Have everything except the dessert placed on the table at once. If the young ladies in the family, one should remove the dinner and bring in the dessert at the proper time. If there is no one else to do this, of course the hostess will be obliged to attend to it herself. It is an excellent plan to train children, either girls or boys, to assist the mother at table, even when one servant is kept, as there are times when it would be more convenient not to call upon her, besides giving the children experience, and the feeling that they are of some assistance, a feeling they all appreciate.—ED.

Betsy Rockwood, in answer to your inquiry for minerals, I would say that if you send me your address I will send you what we call quartz, which contains the different minerals, gold, silver and lead; also different kinds of iron, if you wish them. This is a mineral country, and nearly all minerals are found here. (No charges). Address CHARLES CURTIS, P. O. Box 684, Helena, Montana.

To the inquirer about Helen Jackson and H. H.: Thes letters signify her maiden name, Helen Hunt. She used H. H. as her signature to her writings for a long time, and after she used her full name, that was added simply to show it was the same person. The mountain upon which she was buried is very near her home in Colorado Springs, and was a place to which she loved to go, spending a great deal of time there. She was buried there at her own request.—ED.

If "Ignorance" will take her ribbons and quickly wash them out in hot soap-suds, have an iron hot and iron them on the wrong side, as soon as possible, they will be found to look as good as new.—A. BIRD.

Eva H. Eustis, Florida: There is no need for you to be discouraged because you do not receive compensation. THE BLADE does not pay for articles of that kind, very many equally as good being sent without thought of that. You may have to write a long time without return as many another has had to do, but if you study and persevere, you will doubtless succeed sometime.—ED.

I noticed in THE BLADE an inquiry for a place which would be a benefit to people with weak lungs. If those afflicted with weak lungs, asthma, bronchitis and hay fever will correspond with me I will give them information.—MRS. MARY MORDOFF, Green Mountain Falls, Colorado.

RECIPES.

MARBLE CAKE.—Light part: 1 cupful white sugar, ½ cupful butter, ½ cupful milk, whites of 3 eggs, 2 cupfuls flour, ½ spoonful baking powder. Dark part: ½ cupful brown sugar, ½ cupful butter, ½ cupful milk, ½ cupful molasses, yolks of 3 eggs, 2 cupfuls flour, 1 nutmeg, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon, 1 or 2 spoonfuls allspice, ½ spoonful baking powder, small pinch of salt.

SWEET CREAM COOKIES.—1 cupful sweet cream, 2 cupfuls sugar, 2 eggs, 3 pts. sifted flour, 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted with flour, a little salt; flavor to taste.—RETTA CARPENTER.

DRIED APPLE CAKE.—2 cupfuls dried apples chopped fine, and stewed in 2 cupfuls molasses, 1 cupful shortening, 2 cupfuls sugar, ½ cupful sour milk, 4 eggs, 2 teaspoonfuls soda, 5 cupfuls flour, all kinds spices, 1 teaspoonful each.

HICKORY-NUT CAKE.—For "Blondie, the Farmer's Wife": ½ cupful milk, 1 cupful butter, 2 cupfuls sugar, 3 cupfuls flour, 4 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls baking powder, 2 cupfuls hickory nut meats.—L. E. E.

BLACKBERRY ACID.—Put 10 qts. of blackberries in 2 qts. vinegar. Let them stand 48 hours, then strain the juice through a jelly bag. To each pint of juice add 1 lb. of sugar (or ½ lb. will do) and put over the fire in a preserving kettle; let it boil until the sum rises, and as soon as it is thoroughly skimmed it is ready to bottle and seal. Two tablespoonfuls of blackberry acid in a glass of cold water makes a delicious drink.

Corrosive sublimate, dissolved and placed on articles spotted with indelible ink, will take out the stain.—L. O. MORRIS, Archer, Fla.

STRING BEANS IN WINTER.—Do the readers of THE BLADE know that green string beans can be had for use all winter by picking and breaking off the points and putting down in stone or wooden vessels? First, put a layer of salt, then a layer of beans 3 in. thick, then one of salt 1 in. thick, and so on till the vessel is full, then cover and lay on a weight to keep it down. Fill up with cold water and set in a cool place. It may work and froth up some, but that wont hurt it. When wanted for use take out of the brine, scald with hot water, and soak till fresh, and cook the same as new string beans.—MRS. BEN. J. TALBOTT.

SWEET APPLE PICKLES.—(Good.)—1 qt. vinegar, 6 cupfuls brown sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice. Boil and skin; add apples cut in halves, cored, but not pared, boil till tender. The juice should cover the apples when in the crock or they will mould. When I have used the apples I use the juice for coloring sauce for puddings.—MRS. LOU R.

Our Young Folks.

LADDY'S LOGGING.

A STORY OF THE MAINE WOODS.

[Written for The Blade Young Folks, by Harriet Prescott Spofford. Copyrighted, 1890.]

OLD PEACHBLOW had told Laddy all about it, over and over again, and so the fault was partly his. Now the logging team was just ready to start for the woods with supplies, and Laddy's father, who owned the drive, had gone up with Laddy's mother, who needed a somewhat unusual outing. And when Laddy had seen the prancing black horses shaking off showers of bellitones, he had begged hard to go and harder still when he heard there was a hatchet and knife in the sleigh, and saw his father examining his revolvers, there being a rumor of wolves on the way, although a probably baseless rumor. But Laddy's entreaties had been promptly silenced, and he had been told that it was out of the question; he must stay and attend to his lessons if he wanted to go to Bowdoin year after next.

Well, he didn't want to go to Bowdoin. He wanted to go to the logging-camp. Year after next was a great way off; the woods, the life there, the stories, the games, the hunting for bears, the gathering of gum, the creaking of logs in the snow, the deer-hunt, the escape from the panther or the gaunt, gray wolf, the coming down with the drive in the Spring, the jam of the logs at the falls, with the rafts-

"CAN'T LEAVE HIM IN THIS WOODY PLACE."

men skipping round upon them lightly as Mercury in his mythology, handling them with long hooks and springing for dear life as one dexterous thrust loosened the whole mass and sent them rolling and plunging and shooting ever the cataract—all that was close at hand. And Laddy, as he thought of it, was bound to be a lumberman, and was heard to sing some dreadful and unintelligible rhyme to himself about being a logger-boy by the jingoes or die.

"You are one, now," said his sister Anne. "Father's a logger. That makes you a logger-boy."

"I don't want to be that kind, and sit in a counting-room. I want to come down on the drive and shoot the rapids, and bring home a caribou's horns and a catamount's pelt——"

"You bring home a catamount's pelt, Lawrence Earl! He'd tear you to pieces with his great claws before you could run! And you'd be scared to death, nights, hearing him cry round the camp!"

"Yes," said his Aunt Mabel, who taught him his Latin and Greek, "it's quite enough for you to read of the killing in your 'Æneid,' if you want to go to Bowdoin before you're gray."

"Oh, Bowdoin, Bowdoin! I don't want to go to Bowdoin!" shouted Laddy. "I'm tired and sick of hearing about Bowdoin. I'm going to take my nose-money and buy a township up in the Aroostook and cut off the timber and be a lumberman, just as much as I please."

"I see you now, blowing your fingers mornings."

"Great sort of a sister, you!" cried Laddy. "Any other fellow's sister"——

"Would tell him to take his nose-money—How many bears and wolves would have to be killed, do you think," exclaimed Anne, "before you got enough money to buy a township, the men paying father nine pence apiece?"

"Oh, don't bother me with your sums," cried Laddy. For the truth was that Mr. Earl, being a justice of the peace, the backwoodsmen brought to him the little black and brown noses of the wolves and bears and cubs which they destroyed, and he gave them a certificate which entitled them to collect the bounty paid by the state for the killing of the creatures, and then he gave to the children the nine pennses that they paid, and as Anne and the dear little Baby shared his fund with Laddy, it required, indeed, quite an arithmetical process to tell just when Laddy's share would amount to enough to buy one of the upper plantations in the Aroostook.

"I don't care," said Laddy. "You know I haven't the making of a scholar in me"——

"No one has, without work," said his aunt.

"And I should be a very good"——

"You be a very good boy now," said Anne, in an insufferably patronizing way, seeing there was only a year's difference between them, "and rock the cradle for me while I go and get my eggs. I found old Speckie's nest yesterday."

Pretty work for a boy who had the making of a very good logger in him, who could swing an axe in a circle round his head—rocking a baby in a cradle. He rocked it, to be sure; but he rocked it so hard that the baby rolled on one side and opened her eyes and saw Laddy, the big, beautiful brother whom she adored, and smiled and cooed and held out her pretty hands to be taken up. But Laddy would not notice the little imploring hands, even when the cooing ceased and the grieved lip began to tremble. He left the room, and went sauntering out into the yard, and meeting Anne, with her apron full of eggs, he said: "Your baby's awake," as if it were not as much his sister as hers, and then he took the axe and went to the chopping-block, feeling much too ill-humored even to make his chopping useful with the kindling sticks, although Diane, the old Frenchwoman who ruled the kitchen, could always be coaxed out of a mince turnover by an armful of kindlings. He chopped, however, till his blood began to circulate better, and he was in quite a happy mood at last when he threw down the axe, for he had made a resolve that was highly satisfying to himself—although it was without a thought of the trouble he was going to bring his Aunt Mabel by it, of the grief and fear with which he was going to make his dear sister Anne lie awake.

He had resolved to run away, just ahead of the supply-team, and oblige the men to take him on later, and go to join the logging-camp after all and in spite of everybody. As he looked up at the window there stood his Aunt Mabel with the baby in her arms, patting the pane with her rosy little palms, and presently he heard Anne practicing her music at the piano, the spinning song, with the whir of the wheel, the beat of the treadle, the song of the spinning-girl, and the rustle of leaves outside, the hum of bees, and stir of wind, and twitter of birds in the branches through it all. And that was the last he heard and the last he saw of home; for he put on his reefer, hanging in the back entry, pulled his sealskin cap down over his ears, hung his skates on his arm, and, with his hands buried in his pockets, went down the field to take a short cut and get a start of the team.

Laddy felt himself very ill used. There he was, kept at his books, with a woman to teach him, too, with nobody but a girl to share his sports, and obliged to look forward to a life of study, when he wanted to be using his muscles, to be shooting and trapping, following deer, snaring small game! It was very short-sighted and a great injustice on his father's part, he reasoned; and he couldn't see what his mother could be thinking of, and he was very indignant indeed with his Aunt Mabel, who had insisted on those horrid rules in the subjunctive; and as for Anne, she could chop all the Latin she wished—he preferred to chop wood! And so nursing his wrath he went walking and running and skipping along, when he reached the highway got a lift of several miles clinging to the runners of a surveying party's cutter; had a bowl of bread and milk at a shanty by the wayside, for which he paid all the pennses in his pocket; had another ride of a couple of hours on a slow ox-team laboring along to a remote farm, and was already in the woods, not the deep forest of the loggers at the north—that was still a journey off—but where the highway was to be guessed by the open spaces, as there were no marks of travel on the crust of frozen snow, where the air was already obscure, although he could see a bright belt of sunset through the holes of the trees, and where he began to have a very desolate sensation. Laddy was not afraid; oh no, not he! But it was mighty lonesome. He trudged along all the same, and began to whistle. Presently he stopped whistling—the idea that some one might hear him was—was not exactly—pleasant. He wondered why the logging-team did not come along. Had he made a mistake—and was it to-morrow noon they had been going to start? Old Peachblow had certainly told him they would be off within the hour, they were only waiting then for Diana to put up the cold beef and bottle the coffee for them, and to have a little chatting very likely with her and Susan. He expected to hear the bells every moment. How surprised his father would be when he saw him coming riding into the camp with Old Peachblow and Jo! How angry, too, perhaps, at first. But the fact that his mother was along might counterbalance that; Laddy could see her lovely face in the white fur hood. Still he would have preferred that it should be his grandmother on the scene. But his father would see how impossible it was to drive a boy out of his bent; yes, he would, sir! And Laddy reflected with pride and joy that now he had taken matters into his own hands, and he plodded on with great resolution. A fellow who had taken things into his own hands could not afford to be downhearted because the way was long or lonely or dark. If he was—he would not say the word 'afraid' even to himself—if he was——. Well, what would he do then, in the deep woods of the caribou and the catamount? And thereat a picture came before his eyes of a huge caribou plunging down the forest depths with great bounds, with his nostrils dilating, his black eyes burning, his mighty horns laid back along his shoulders—and if ever any one was glad it was Laddy then when he heard a far-off tinkle and presently a peal of sledge bells and stood still to receive the supply team, with Old Peachblow and Jo, and to feel his heart swell at their surprised exclamation. "Wel, he's a chap of speerit, I vum!" cried Old Peachblow, when the little fellow stood in the path and halted the horses. "I d'no's we got anythin' ter du but to take him on, but I guess we'll cure him!" "O!" man'll be mad," suggested Jo—Laddy's father preferring that appellation on account of his mastership, not on account of his forty years, certainly.

"Can't leave the boy here in this woody place and night coming on, if he is. Pretty kettle of fish! Up with ye, youngster!" And tucked under a lot of horse-blankets on top of the load Laddy had his first moonlit ride next day, when he found they were still jogging on, having a vague, delightful memory of a misty scene of swinging lanterns and shouting voices as they changed horses in the middle of the night at the half-way house, feeling a little stiff and sore, stretching himself and getting down to walk a bit and limber up with old Peachblow, and then finding the cold beef and biscuit and bottled coffee as good as nectar and ambrosia.

So they plodded on through the day, with a bite here and a sup there, and they stopped at dusk in a sheltered spot where they were to camp for the night in a rude hut left there for the logging parties.

"Well. This is great," said Laddy, standing with his legs far apart in front of the fire that Old Peachblow had snapping outside and sending up clouds of sparks, and where the old fellow was cooking some squirrels he had shot. And when, after a delicious repast, Laddy went to sleep on a pile of hemlock boughs, covered with another pile, he seemed to be on the brink of surprising experiences, and when he waked, in the first glow of a red sunrise through the chinks, he felt as if he had been floating on a cloud in the upper sky. "We must hurry up," cried Jo, who was quite ready for the march. "I'm thickening for foul weather. Thought so when I see the red sunnup." And so they broke their fast as they went along, Laddy refreshing himself with an immense icicle, but Old Peachblow refreshing himself from a flask which he carried and tasted much oftener than was best.

With what stories Old Peachblow, who had been a sailor in days bygone, then beguiled the rest of the way; what harrowing recitals of his wrecks, of his fights with South Sea savages, of his encounters with sharks, of his conquest with crocodiles, of his voyages on icebergs! And then the stories of the woods, the big bears that he wrestled with the 'painters'

"HIS MOTHER HAD SEEN HIM FIRST OF ALL."

he had followed by their scratches on the ice and had shot, the wolves he had outwitted! Laddy felt that if he were captured and sent back to his books and obliged to learn Homer's list of ships by heart for punishment it would be a cheap price to pay for the joy and satisfaction of this trip.

And this trip was but the beginning. Still his heart was not quite so light as it had been as they approached the camp, welcomed by the baying of dog

Talmage's Sermon.

A TALK ON THE GLORIOUS CHRIST.

He Is Above All Else, and Demands the Highest Homage—In the Dying Moment He Is the Supreme Comforter and Takes Away the Sting of Death.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 16.—As the Tabernacle this morning the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., announced that he would very soon begin a series of sermons on his journey "To and Through the Holy Land." The subject of his discourse this morning was "The Glorious Christ." His text was: "He that cometh from above is above all."—John iii, 31. The great preacher said:

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ramification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—a five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the gracefulest line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of all lights and shades in all painting, the acme of all climaxes, the dome of all cathedraled grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of twenty-four letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

What does it mean? It means, after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion a high mountain of Thessaly, Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain; but mythology tells when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens; but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory, they might all well unite in the words of the text and say: "He that cometh from above is above all." Christ Above All Else.

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. When we come to set for it the love of Christ we are going to take tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before, all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the Conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and sounding. The French navy have eighteen flags by which they give signal, but those eighteen flags they can put into six y six thousand different combinations, and I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from theological seminaries into our services every Sabbath, and are after a while going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned up against the side of the pulpit and went on his discourse, while George Whitefield, with the manner and the voice and the start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city, or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will.

Glorious Themes.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas are all these topics, for Christ being has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the wonder of the poet, and half the time the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for our direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghastliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest sepulcher. Oh, that George would hit all the chords and play on it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead, the herald and the forerunner.

And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace, St. John, from desolate Patmos, heard the blast of the archangel's trumpet. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily-rimmed and vine-covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again I remark, that Christ is above all in dying alleviations.

Death.

I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise, for, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrows of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no! Only Christ! Poor soul if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to man, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitudes, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and even the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

"To Go to Christ."

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said, "Glory to Thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live. Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Topiady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Janeway say? "I can as easily die as close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches, and honor, and glory, and majesty, and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke way from the guardsman and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare, in last moment, had such rapturous vision that he cried: "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it; and so great was his placidity that after a while he said: "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the wornout first missionary, when, in the Mamartine dungeon, he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset I say, "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close this Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The roebucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Ay, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment.

Bright Sepulchers.

Brighter than a banqueting hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters, will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send his angels to guard your slumbering ground, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also, Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the palms waved before his face, all the crowns down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Savior's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say: "This is Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went will say: "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say: "This is the Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say: "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and he brought us home. We were guilty, and he made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after a while, it was recalled his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed $100,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land, in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of Heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said: "And I saw in my dream, and lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy; and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to sing praises withal; and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

The Sunday School

Jesus at Nazareth.

LESSON IX., SUNDAY, MARCH 2, 1890.

Golden Text—He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John i:11.

LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 2: 16-32.)

16. And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.

17. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written,

18. The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the brokenhearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised,

19. To preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

20. And he closed the book, and gave it again to the minister, and sat down. And the eyes of all them that were in the synagogue were fastened on him.

21. And he began to say unto them, This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears.

22. And all bare him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of his mouth. And they said, Is not this Joseph's son?

23. And he said unto them, Ye will surely say unto me this proverb, Physician, heal thyself; whatsoever we have heard done in Capernaum, do also here in thy country.

24. And he said, Verily I say unto you, no prophet is accepted in his own country.

25. But I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land;

26. But unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow.

27. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian.

28. And all they in the synagogue, when they heard these things, were filled with wrath,

29. And rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong.

30. But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way,

31. And came down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and taught them on the Sabbath days.

32. And they were astonished at his doctrine; for his word was with power.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up (v. 16). The home of his childhood has a peculiar hold on a man all through his lifetime. His earliest impressions were received there, and the scenes and the people of that locality aided in his "bringing up." He cannot but wish good to that place; he cannot but be sensitive to the opinions of its people. Going back to one's boyhood's home after a long absence is an epoch in any man's lifetime. Well would it be if every man, at such time, had the desire to benefit his old townspeople that actuated Jesus on his return to Nazareth. Well would it be, also, if the people in every community were more ready than the people of Nazareth to profit by the words of truth brought to them by one who was brought up among them.

He opened the book, and found the place (v. 17). Jesus was sufficiently familiar with the Scriptures to be able to find the place of the lesson for the day—or the place of any passage he looked for. Not all church-goers are thus posted in the Bible contents. It requires a custom of Bible study to enable one to find the place easily. It is sometimes really pitiable to see a man or woman hunt for the place which is called for in a Bible-class, or a prayer-meeting. Whether Jude is near Job, or whether Micah comes before or after Zechariah, is a question to grow red in the face over, but which the most anxious fumbling of the leaves cannot settle in season for practical service, if one does not know the order and place of the books of the Bible. Whoever would be a true follower of Jesus ought to have a habit of church-going, and be able to find the place of the text, when that is called for.

To-day hath the scripture been fulfilled in your ears (v. 21). It is hard to realize that we have a place in history, that the events of to-day were looked forward to in the long ago, and that they will be looked back upon in the years to come. But every day some scripture—some word of Divine prophecy—is fulfilled in our ears. Every day something comes to us, or we come to something, which will be counted important in the world's history, and in the great plan of God's providence. Some new discovery is made; some national question is raised or laid; some great historic person is born or dies; some truth is tested; some principle is reaffirmed with greatest power; some promise of God is verified to his people; or some threatening of his is executed. And all the while we find it so difficult to realize that here and now an important scripture is fulfilled in our ears, it behooves us to have our ears open to hear, and our eyes open to see, the wondrous things in which God is giving us a part, according to his prophecy of old.

No prophet is acceptable in his own country (v. 24). The trouble in this case is not with the prophet, but with his countrymen. They know so little about the characteristic of a prophet, and about the way in which a prophet comes up to his mission, that they are willing to believe that one whom they knew as a boy, and who has been seen by them growing up into manhood like any other man, can really be a peculiar man of God. If, indeed, they hear of a mighty-wonder-worker at a distance, and afterward they see him face to face, their fancies can fill in the story of his early life in accordance with their ideas of what a prophet's childhood and youth ought to be; but to know all about a man from the start, is to deprive fancy of its power; and that is fatal to those who know more than they do. It was not Jesus of Nazareth alone who was undervalued by those who thought they knew him well. A similar state of things has been and still is happening on every side. Your mother may be one of these unappreciated saints, my boy. Your wife, my friend, may be another. And it may be that it is one of the boys or girls in our own family. There are prophets in many a social circle to-day, who are less acceptable just there than they will be when they are out in the world at their work, or when they are taken away from it.

They were all filled with wrath in the synagogue, as they heard these things (v. 28). Truth is more likely than error to make its hearers mad. When you find a man full of wrath over what his preacher has said, you may be pretty sure that the preacher was nearer right than the hearer is. When you find a minister losing his temper in a theological discussion, you can take it for granted that it is not the love of truth that moves him, whether he happens to be on the right side or the wrong one of the current controversy. And if you happen to get mad yourself over what has been said in the realm of religious truth, you have good reason to suppose that it is the truth, and not error, that has stirred up your moral bile.—*H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.*

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sore Eyes in Mare.

L. C., Whipple, Ohio: Opthalmia is suspected in your mare's eyes. But as you say that the eyes are clear, and that she is not afflicted with sore eyes nor do they have a watery condition in summer time, it may be that they become inflamed from particles of hay or dust settling in them; or the feeding of too much corn. First, do not put her hay where she has to reach up for it, and see that the hay you give her is sweet and free from dust or finely broken particles of hay. It will be well for you to slightly dampen the hay you feed her. Second, feed more bulk, if any, corn for at least five weeks, but plenty of other kinds of feed that is easily digested. See that no urine accumulates in the stall. Give her a pint of raw linseed oil and half an ounce of saltpetre, and after one day has elapsed give the same kind of dose. Then use the following wash for the eyes: Sulphate of sinc, sulphate of lead, ¼ oz.; extract of belladona, ½ drachm; water, ½ pint. Bathe the eyes with warm water for several minutes, and apply a little of the above with a feather on the eyelids and along the edges of the eye twice a day. Afterward give this once a day for three days: Powdered Peruvian bark, ½ oz.; sulphate of iron, 1 drachm. While administering this give a bran mash to keep the bowels regular.

To Exterminate the Crab-Apple Tree.

W. A. R., Jiger, O.: We know of no better way to exterminate the crab-apple tree than to girdle it in August. If it is intended to get rid of the stump immediately, as good a way as any is to chop the tree down, and blow the stump out with a dynamite cartridge. This mode is safe and certain. These cartridges cost 20 to 25 cents each and weigh about ¼ pound. A crow-bar is thrust under the stump, the cartridge is shoved in with a fuse attached. The fuse may be cut so that you can go to a place of safety, and when the cartridge explodes the stump will be lifted out of the ground.

How to Construct a House for Chickens and Ducks.

J. W. B., Martinsburg, West Virginia: If you had given us the number of fowls—chickens and ducks—you intend to keep, the editor could give you a better idea. Supposing you want to make a house 24 ft. long, made the width 11 ft., the height in front 9½ feet, and the height in rear 6½ ft. For foundation set chestnut or oak posts about every 8 ft., and 4 ft. deep, and spike the sills on them. There will be no heaving of them by the frost, and all the underpinning necessary is a board nailed to the sill, and extending into the ground a couple of inches. The boards may be put on so as to leave a space between them that may be filled in with sawdust or other material, or tarred paper may be laid in course before the boards are nailed on. This will make the house comfortable. The roof may be of shingles or gravel and tar. The house may or may not have a compartment in it, so that the perches may be separate. In our poultry house we have but one room, and it answers very well, as we do not care much for style. A roosting room, 7½ by 8 feet, is sufficiently large for 25 fowls. The perches may be made four inches wide, with uprights nailed to the strips about every three feet. The perches should not be more than 16 to 18 inches high for the light breeds, and not more than a foot high for the heavy Cochins and other heavy fowls. Place the perches about 18 inches apart, so that the fowls may not soil each other. Every morning pick the perches up and set them aside until the droppings are sweps up and thrown in a barrel with road dust, for manure. Before replacing the perches, scatter road dust on the floor so that the watery part may be well absorbed, and which will also facilitate the sweeping. In this way your house is always sweet and clean. In the rear part of the house have a 16-inch board set up, with holes cut in it about 15 inches wide. Between the wall and the board have a top board to lap over the other, with hinges, muse compartment be with pieces of sawed board. Now put straw in these compartments sufficient to make nests. The hens will soon go in to lay, and when you want the eggs lift the top board. The house should have two good-sized windows in it, not more than three feet from the ground, and the house should face to the south if possible. The ducks should be separated by a wire partition from the chickens. It is not absolutely necessary for ducks to have water to swim in, yet since you have it, it is a good thing. Build your house not less than 25 feet from the stream. Have the ground slope to the stream, with a top dressing of pebbles extending six or eight feet from the water. The remainder of the distance hard ground or sand will do. A run should be made for both fowls and ducks with wire fencing. The runs should be made so that the chickens will not get muddy in wet weather. If the water is pure the run of the chickens should extend to the stream so that they many drink when they so wish. If the stream is not of clear water you had better build your pens some where away from the water. The yard to the house should be sloping, if possible, so that when it rains it will not get muddy. The wire fencing for the runs of the ducks may extend across the stream with a wire enclosure at the end so that the ducks cannot escape.

Looks Like Blood Spavin.

C. M. O., Purdy., Missouri: The cut on your horse's leg inside the hock joint, which broke and healed, may have resulted in bog spavin. The swelling on the outside and that on the inside, indicate that there is something more serious than swelling from a blow cut out. However, it will be well for you to poultice the leg well with linseed meal. Poultice for three or four days, and if the swellings get soft and "point" they may be lanced. But if they are now soft and do not show signs of pointing, do not attempt to lance them, as they are evidently blood spavin and curb. After poulticing, if there are not clear indications of formation of pus give 2½ drachms of sloes, and follow with an ounce of saltpetre in his drinking water morning and night for two days. Then foment the part for a full day with warm water and then dry thoroughly, and blister the swellings with mercurial ointment, 2 ounces; oil of cantharides, 4 drachms. Mix well. Apply in the evening and wash off in the morning with warm water and soap, and repeat. Continue this for about five or six days, and then heal with unsalted lard. If the swellings do not disappear, the above application may be repeated after two weeks have elapsed. When bony deposits are once formed in spavin, there is no way to remove them, or to get rid of the lameness.

Black Knots on Plum Trees—Right Temperature for Churning Sour Cream.

E. M. H., Worthington, Ind.: The black knots on your Damson plum trees have been caused by a fungus, the spores of which germinate upon the tree—usually the branches. The roots of this fungus plant enter the tissues of the tree, and the tree takes an increased growth to overgrow the injury done, thus producing the black knot. No certain remedy has yet been found that will prevent or destroy the fungus. The only way is to cut off every limb where the black knot exists, or cut out the knot where it appears on the heavy part of the tree, and burn it up to keep it from spreading. You must do this or your trees will be practically destroyed for fruit-bearing. The right temperature for churning is from 55 to 60 degrees Fahr. There are various causes that prevent butter from forming readily while churning. Keeping milk at an uneven temperature; pouring sour and sweet cream together without properly mixing them so as to equalize their acidity; cream from farrow cows may have been mixed with cream from those that are not farrow; supplying the cows with water in bad condition; cream from cows that have been raced from pasture. The agitation of the cream in churning should neither be too fast nor too slow. Too rapid churning causes fermentation; too slow churning will fail to produce desired separation of component parts of the cream. The churning should be regular, and kept up without stopping.

Are They a Success?

W. A. S., Panora, Iowa: Yes, incubators are a success, providing you know how to run them. If not, the old hen beats them all to pieces. Chicks may be successfully hatched in winter time with them when "Biddy" has closed shop on brooding. THE BLADE has on two occasions given instructions for making a cheap incubator. We cannot now recall the date of the paper in which they appeared, but will, if we can find time, look them up and republish them. In a busy place like THE BLADE, hunting over flies consumes much valuable time that is necessary to devote to questions that require immediate attention.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Will Some One Tell?

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I wish to know how to build a granary or corn-crib so that rats or mice cannot get in it. Will some one, through THE BLADE, give the desired information?—W. B. CHERRY, New Plymouth, Ohio.

Plans For Incubator.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will some reader of THE BLADE give specifications for incubator, and directions for operating the same?—M. L. FRASE, Newton, Kansas.

Apple Orchard Business.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Having had nearly fifty years of experience in the apple orchard business, and having been a close observer of the different varieties, as to fruit, I feel that my practical knowledge is worth at least something to me, now that I have set out and grown into bearing the fourth orchard, and intend, if I live till spring, to set again. Now, that I know what to set, it is no trouble to make a selection. I find to set out a tree and wait eight or ten years to see what kind of an apple I have, and then find it is not worth the ground it occupies, is rather serious; so whenever I will set out only what is worth raising. Now for the escence of orcharding: We have no need of an apple that does not fill the bill. There are only a few varieties that a farmer needs: Early harvest, red Astrackhan, red June. Summer—The Malden's Blush, or orange apple, and perhaps one other kind or two. Fall—Rambo, Huss's Penn. red streak, bellflower. Winter—The first and best is the Johnathan when in full bearing, and the Roman-stem is a very fine flavored apple. Now for a small orchard those are my kinds. Of course other climates may require some other varieties. Now, if this does not find the way into the waste basket, please publish it for what it is worth; it may do some young man some good.—HENRY SPRATE, Palmyra, Ill.

Interested In It.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Being a subscriber to THE BLADE, and very much interested in the poultry column, I will tell what kind of fowls I keep, and what feed for eggs. I keep two breeds, as I find them the best all-purpose fowl I ever had. They are good winter layers, choice table fowls, bear confinement well, with feuca but five feet high; are large, stately, beautiful birds, and as chicks are extremely hardy. For eggs, I feed ten parts oats, eight buckwheat, eight corn, six brown middings, into which add one tablespoonful black pepper, one of ginger and five of salt. Feed in the morning as early as possible. Feed warm, and just twice per week, as it stimulates too much to feed oftener. One quart for twelve hens—the balance of week I give one and a half quarts daily of corn and wheat screenings, one quart corn and one pint screenings to twelve hens, with plenty of broken glass, crockery, or anything hard, and shade. Have good warm, dry coop and plenty of fresh water. With above treatment I get plenty of fresh eggs from my Langshans the year around except during moulting season.—A. M. ALLEBAUGH, New Bethlehem, Pa.

[The Langshan is a good fowl, and has flesh of unsurpassed excellence. It has a flavor more like that of a turkey than any other fowl.—ED.]

Agrees With the Editor.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I, too, am very glad to see you devote space to the subject of poultry. I also agree with you about Mr. Harvey's failure to get his hens to lay. He ought also, I think, to make them take exercise by covering up their grain and making them scratch for their food; also feed them some meat and shells crushed fine. I have thirteen hens in a space 25 feet by 60 feet. In December they laid 164 eggs and in January 151, which is a fair record. They are white and brown Leghorns. I would like very much, too, to hear more from Mr. McLeod who wrote an article for your issue of Jan. 23, 1890. I would like to know what breeds he has, how many, how many in each lock, what he considers the most profitable, young chickens or eggs; also what prices he gets for eggs, and the young ones he sells. How he manages his yards and the feed.—M. J. SPALDING, Denver, Colorado. [The white Leghorn is a veritable egg machine.—ED.]

Likes a Cross Between the Plymouth Rock and Leghorn.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Am glad to see the poultry column in THE BLADE, and with your permission will give some of my experience in poultry raising. About fifteen years ago I started my attention in that direction, beginning with Black Spanish fowls—found them hardy, great foragers and fair layers; but, being near a market town, I became dissatisfied with their slow growth and small size; so I discarded them and stocked my yard with light Brahmas. These were large enough, but not so hardy, and I found them poor layers in winter. They were, however, excellent mothers, and for small grounds when they can have extra care no doubt are very satisfactory. The Plymouth Rocks coming into vogue, I procured some cockerels of that variety to run with my Brahma hens. This cross I found quite satisfactory, being nearly my ideal of a general purpose fowl, except that the egg particular was very much like Brahma. After trying these two or three seasons I obtained some brown Leghorn cockerels, and the result thus secured seems to fill the bill in nearly every particular; being of a fair size, hardy, good foragers, great layers, and fairly good mothers. Were I to commence again I would begin by crossing brown Leghorns with Plymouth Rocks or Wyandotte hens, and am satisfied that as a fowl for the average farmer they are hard to excel. Will some reader of THE BLADE who has experience with incubators, give us some information as to cost and modes of operation on a cheap scale?—C. L. T., Smithland, Ky. [Your experiences with light Brahmas is different from that of our own. We have raised the Light Brahma for several years—not to sell but for pleasure. Have found them a hardy bird, and there has never been a case of roup or cholera among them. Their reputation is good as winter layers. They get fat very easily, which must be avoided or they will not lay. Our white crested, white Polish produce fine eggs, we think, larger than the Brahmas, but they are small, as are also their eggs. A cross between the Leghorn and P. Rock is excellent, and they are a hardy fowl. As a general purpose bird the P. Rock is good and the Leghorn cannot be beaten as an egg producer.—ED.

Certainly, Help Make It First-Class.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As I saw in THE BLADE that a poultry department to THE BLADE had been begun, I was heartily glad, for I have been looking for it in THE BLADE for some time, and as it takes us subscribers to make it, why not I help too, as I have commenced the chicken business? This year I raised nearly 100 pullets, and have sold all of my young roosters that I did not want to eat. I sold over three dozen. I got $2.75 and $3.50 a dozen for them. My breed is the brown Leghorn and white and gray Brahmas. They are splendid for the table and are good layers, only are more broody than the brown Leghorn. I set a brown Leghorn pullet the first day of January and she came off January 22. I put seven eggs under her and she fetched off eight nice chicks. I have another one I set one week after. Eggs are 35 cents now. I do not think that I will set any more in this month. To-day is January 26, and I have kept count of all the eggs I have gathered every day. This month I have got 182, and we had snow until after the middle of the month. Some days I get one or two, and to-night I fetched in eighteen eggs. I will tell how I manage to keep the chiggers off my chickens. I carry in my hen-house 2 or 3 big armsfull of dry straw, and scatter it under the roosts and set fire to it. I let the flames run up to the roof and through the poles, and when it burns down and the place is near out, I take a tablespoonful of sulphur and throw on the fire, and it goes all through the house, and clears everything out. Then I get carbolic acid, and put a spoonful in a gallon of warm water, and that much coal oil, and stir it up, and take a white-wash brush and wash the poles good. If they are lousy, look on the under side of the poles, they roost on, and it will look as if there had been ashes on the poles. Take pans or troughs, whichever you have, and wash them out every few days, and keep clean water in them. In warm weather rinse them out, and fill them up three times a day, and take a hoe, shovel and broom rake and sweep the house out clean. Take it off to the garden, for it is not good for them to wallow in. I clean my hen-house out every week. I make a mash of cooked carrots and scraps from the table, and give it to them warm. I have about 125 fowls altogether.—Mrs. R. E. H., Scio, Oregon.

Glad to Hear of It.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am glad THE BLADE has given its consent to a poultry department, as it is just the corner that I feel interested in. In looking over the list of contributors, I think my small flock of hens has done fully as well as any I read of. The year 1889 I kept 26 pullets—twelve white Leghorns and fourteen Plymouth Rocks. We gathered 325 dozen eggs, sold 295 dozen at eighteen cents per dozen, amounting to $53.10; balance used in family. Chicks sold amounted to $13. This year I commence with 27 hens—three Plymouth Rocks, (for setters), four Wyandottes, balance Leghorns. For the month ending January, 1890, have gathered 32¾ dozen eggs, amounting to $6.74. Have they done well or not?—JOHN B. FARR, Centermoreland, Pennsylvania. [Yes, your fowls have done very well.—ED.]

Carp Culture.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Will any one of your readers who has had experience in carp culture tell how they catch their fish? I am told they are so timid that it is almost impossible to catch them when you want them. None of those in this vicinity who have ponds can get any carp out, although they know there are many nice fish in the pond. And is it necessary to cut the ice in order that the fish may get fresh air, or do they lay in a state of hibernation and are breathless all the time that the pond is frozen over, as some people say they do?—H. C. HART, M. D., Southworth, O. [Will some one who has practical experience in carp culture answer the above?—ED.]

The Water Willow.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Can any reader of THE BLADE answer these questions: 1.—Is the common water willow the kind used for making baskets? 2.—How is it set out and trimmed, and when is the time to cut it? 3.—What size should they be and where the nearest market for Southern Illinois?—I. H., Duncanville, Ill.

Sorghum.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—In answer to Michigan Farmer asking some one's experience in raising sorgum: I made 1½ barrels from cane that I raised from one-eight of an acre. I planted it on May 6, on black sandy loam, planted it to be cultivated one way in rows 4 feet apart, and 8 to 12 inches apart the other way, with 4 to 6 seeds in a hill. When it grew to be about four feet high I pulled out the suckers and thinned it out, leaving 4 to 5 stalks in each hill. One pound of seed will plant one acre. The name of the seed was Early Amber sugar cane. It cost me 20 cents per gallon to get it pressed and boiled in a steam evaporator. It makes splendid syrup by being boiled by this process. If it is boiled in iron kettles or common pans, it will be of a strong flavor and will not be as clear. The leaves and seed make good feed for cattle or horses. The seed is also good for chickens.—T. J. SNOW, Charlotte, Mich.

A Reader's Experience.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I am so glad we have a column or two devoted to the poultry raisers. I want to give my short experience in rearing poultry, hoping it may interest, if not benefit any.

I commenced in the year 1888 by borrowing setters and buying the eggs, getting the brown Leghorn breed. At the beginning of the season, 1889, I had 20 hens and 3 roosters. In the year 1889 they were moved and consequently did not commence setting until late, but they hatched out over 100 young chicks; besides I marketed eggs nearly every week.

Last year I got a Plymouth Rock rooster and crossed with the brown Leghorn breed. Those crossed, I think, are better layers than the pure breed, and somewhat larger than the Leghorns.

The brown Leghorns develop very fast and mature quite early; are good foragers, do not stand idly waiting for feed, but get out and hunt it. I may some other time tell what I feed my hens through the winter, and how well they return the expense.—A. GARDNER, Princeville, Ill. [Let us hear what you feed them.—ED.]

Want Protection.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—The farmers of Kansas want protection. They voted for it, and will have it. They do not want it all bestowed on the East. They want a share. So long as we are short on flax, give us the chance to furnish it. Increase the duty on flax. I have talked to a great many Democrats as well as Republicans, who are all in favor of it. We are producing more corn than we need. By an increased duty on flax we could make the change, and it will help the farmer of the West.—PROTECTION, Axtell, Kan.

Her Experience.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—As we have a poultry department in BLADE, I thought I would try to tell you about my experience in that line. Last spring I had eleven hens, mostly Plymouth Rock, but mixed some with the black kinds. I had no incubator, but simply set eggs under hens, and hatched about one hundred chicks. I lost a few when small. I sold the early ones for friers and later ones last month. Have not bought an egg during the year, and have realized for chickens and eggs sold $15.20, and have left on hand 38 hens. Have not kept account of eggs used by family, which would be considerable, for we have used a good many on table. We are getting from eight to thirteen eggs daily at present. Hens have corn to run to, and plenty of fresh water to drink. Aside from this they have no extra care.—MRS. ALICE LONG, Amboy, Illinois.

Concerning the Wheat Convention in St. Louis.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I have read two communications in THE BLADE from Mr. Stine of Kansas, and one from Mr. Wheeler of Missouri, on the objects and decisions of the wheat convention of St. Louis. I will admit Mr. Stine's conclusion, that it would be difficult to control seven millions of acres of spring wheat grown, and also of fall wheat. Also with Mr. Wheeler, as regards flax and hemp, provided remunerative prices can be got for the product. Now, according to my ideas, the matter is just this: Wheat has to be raised for home consumption, also raised for rotating crops, on the soil for which it is well adapted. Some years it pays well; in others it does not, on account of large yeild of fall and winter wheat. Then it is that the price lowers and does not pay, and the trouble is that many farmers have to sell for what they can get for it, and can not hold it. This is a stubborn fact, which Mr. Stine and Mr. Wheeler must admit; not only wheat, but other grains are affected in the same way.

The grain crops of 1889 were so immense that the price of all grain is lower than has been for years. Now, suppose that there is a company, one or more, with $20,000,000 capital, as proposed by the St. Louis convention, for the purpose of benefiting farmers. They would necessarily have to get patronage. And since such companies exist with branches in different grain growing localities, and have their agents in different railroad stations to take charge of the grain, these agents to buy the grain at the market prices, and the company affords the sellers of grain an opportunity of paying a reasonable interest on the money they get for their grain, say wheat, raised last year, also paying reasonably for handling, storage, etc., and the wheat crop of 1890 is short. The seller on the terms would get a better price for his grain, instead of going in the pockets of speculators.

To make the matter plain: Suppose Mr. Stine has 100 bushels of fall wheat to sell. He is not satisfied to sell at the present prices, but he wants money to buy out one of his neighbors. One of those agents says to him: "I will take your wheat and pay money for it at present prices, and you can pay reasonable interest, etc." Mr. Stine would not have to wait very long to determine what price he will get. The crop of 1889 was short. For fall wheat especially it is not often we have such plentiful crop year as last year, and we have no assurance that we will have good crops in 1890. I may be asked, "Why do you think such company could or would be formed?" Will say in reply, the monied capital of our country is increasing—200 millions last year from English capitalists—and that amount and more will seek investment. I could enlarge on this subject, but will admit there is enough millionaires made by farmers, and I propose by limit there will be more millions made the coming year on grain.—M. L. COYNER, Nichol, Iowa.

Received.

Report of the Kansas State board of Agriculture for the quarter ending December 31, 1889, containing population, and area of field crops, population by counties and cities, crop and live stock statistics; together with report of the state sugar inspector, papers on miscellaneous subjects, meteorological information, etc. Kansas stands at the very head in the excellence of her agricultural reports. They are carefully prepared and always instructive. Secretary Nobles is a gentleman of great intelligence, and Kansas has been fortunate in securing his services.

Mills's 1890 illustrated catalogue of garden, field and flower seeds. Grown and for sale by F. B. Mills, Thorn Hill, Onandaga county, N. Y.

The Storrs & Harrison Co.'s 1890 catalogue of garden, field and flower seeds, and list of various kinds of fruits and nut trees. Painesville, Ohio.

Garden and Forest, that has become so widely known for the excellent articles that appear in it on the subjects of horticulture, landscape and forestry, is just such a journal as has been needed to give the people a wider knowledge of the questions upon which it treats. Garden and Forest Publishing company, Tribune building, New York.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summary of all important events occurring within the week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

APPOINTMENTS.

The Latest List Sent in by the President.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on Feb. 12:

Emery C. Humphrey, to be surveyor general of Colorado; Charles C. Palfrey, register of the land office at New Orleans; Louis Dupliex, register of the land office at Natchitoches, La.; Sheldon T. Frazer, receiver of public monies at Duluth, Minn.; Edwin W. Eakin, receiver of public monies at Pierre, S. D.; Leslie H. Bailey, register of the land office at Pierre, S. D.

Among the appointments made by the President on Feb. 13 were the following postmasters:

Pennsylvania—Robert W. Bannatyne, Tunkhannock; George S. Keiper, Ashland; Josiah Keller, Somerset; Edward H. Graves, Contesville; Theodore Pierce, Canton; William M. McKim, Oil City; Henry H. Evans, Tideoute; George Wilkinson, Hlossburgh; Robert McWhinney, Homestead; Thomas D. Alexander, Oxford; William H. Underwood, Washington. Texas—John H. Hutchinson, Taylor; Chas. L. Nash, Beaumont. Ohio—Wm. A. Barringer, Middleport; David R. Darrah, Bellaire; James B. Taylor, Cambridge; Andrew Gardner, jr., Columbus; Tobias R. Woodborne, Dennison. Illinois—George J. Castle, Catlinville; Wm. M. Lowin, Lena; James A. Willoughby, Belleville. Wisconsin—Edward J. Smith, Racine; James Driver, Darlington. Indian Territory—Robert M. Gilmore, Muscogee. Missouri—Ambrose Dunham, Mound City; Jos. B. Campbell, Lees Summit; Harry W. Koch, Palmyra. Nebraska—Joseph W. Johnson, Sutton. Montana—David Lamont, Dillon. Minnesota—Nathaniel S. Lane, North St. Paul; Wm. H. Hill, Faimount.

North Dakota—F. H. Starvenacker, Ellendale. Kansas—John H. Ball, Caldwell; James M. Simpson, McPherson; Mrs. Anna M. Moore, Dighton. Michigan—Albert A. Derreste, Coldwater. Washington—James D. Lannan, Walla Walla. California—W. Scanlon, San Luis Obeshpo; Jos. McKown, Livermore; Jacob E. Whitson, Sonna.

The President sent to the Senate the following nominations on Feb. 17:

United States Marshals—Hatson B. Saunders, district of Maine; Wm. G. Long, Northern district of California.

Postmasters—Edward B. Lyon, Dayton, O.; Edward D. Rhoades, Rensselaer, Ind.; Lincoln B. Gray, Longview, Tex.; Daniel Guhl, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Withdrawn—Receivers of public moneys—Malcolm D. Mix, at Del Norte, Col.; John A. Percival, Devil's Lake, N. D.

CENSUS SUPERVISORS.

The Appointees Selected During the Past Week.

Supervisors of Census: West Virginia—Thomas G. Mann, 2d district. Louisiana—Benjamin C. White, 2d district. Mississippi—Edward Aldrich, 1st district; Joseph E. Onnsley, 3d district. Texas—Joseph E. Ryus, 7th district; James P. Newcomb, 5th district. Tennessee—Henry R. Hinkle, 4th district; John R. Walker, 8th district. Kentucky—Napoleon B. Chambers, 1st district. Michigan—John C. Sharp, 1st district. Iowa—David W. Reed, 2d district. Illinois—John W. Fisher, 5th district; Jacob Richardson, 6th district. California—William A. Anderson, 2d district. Kansas—Littleton S. Crum, 1st district; Samuel R. Burch, 2d district; William E. Case, 3d district. South Dakota—James A. Wetherhill, 1st district.

Supervisor of census—Wilson H. Soule, 4th district, Indiana.

A WESTERN IDEA.

Congressmen Who Want to Earn Their Salary.

Eighthours' work each day, except Sundays and legal holidays, is the doctrine being advanced by members of the Western Congressional association, which includes all senators and representatives from west of the Missouri. They insist that the government departments in Washington should be opened at 8 a. m. and kept open until 5 p. m. with an interval of an hour at noon of lunch and dinner.

As soon as the bill looking to this is drafted it will be simultaneously introduced in the House and Senate and then there will go up from fifteen thousand clerks a howl that will rend the skies. I do not think the association believes that its bill will become law, but they reckon on its stirring up a sentiment which will result in shorter hours or more pay for government employes in the West.

They say that postoffice clerks in the West work from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m. for less compensation than is received by the clerks in the department who work from 9 to 4, with half an hour interruption for lunch.

Millions in Pensions.

The preparation of an urgent deficiency appropriation bill has been begun by the House committee on Appropriations. The largest item in this deficiency bill will be about $21,500,000 on account of pensions. This large deficiency, however, does not indicate such a great increase in expenditures for pensions as would seem to be apparent on the face of the statement, the expenditures for the year ending July 1 next being, with this deficiency appropriation included, about $97,000,000, against $95,000,000 last year. After the appropriation for pensions for the present fiscal year had been made on the basis of the regular appropriation for the previous year it was found necessary to make a deficiency appropriation of about $8,000,000 for the previous year.

Subsequently it was found that even with this deficiency appropriation the expenditures would exceed the appropriation and the commissioner of Pensions, waiting until after the present fiscal year had begun, drew on the appropriation for the fiscal year now running for almost $7,000,000 to pay pension claims accruing during the previous year, the effect being really to lessen the appropriation for the present fiscal year by an amount aproximating $7,000,000.

The President as an Attorney.

A bill has passed the Senate appropriating $2,500 to pay attorney's fees due Proctor, Harrison & Fishback. The firm was one of the leading ones in Indiana during its existence, and there is an interesting story in connection with the bill. Toward the close of the war Gen. Hovey, now governor of Indiana, then in command of the department, convened a military commission to try certain members of the Knights of the Golden Circle.

A number of years afterwards Lamden P. Miller, one of the persons convicted by the commission, brought suit in the United States court against Gen. Hovey and the members of the commission for damages. The case was prosecuted for the plaintiff by the late Vice President Hendricks, and by direction of the Secretary of War and the judge advocate-general the firm of Porter, Harrison & Fishback was retained to defend the members of the commission. Mr. Harrison, now President Harrison, did most of the work in the case for the defense, and the bill passed to-day is to remunerate the members of the firm for its services at that time.

W. C. T. U.

Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, on Feb. 14 addressed the House committee on the alcoholic liquor traffic in favor of the passage of the bill introduced in the House by Mr. Dingley, to provide for a commission on the subject of alcoholic traffic, and the bill introduced by Mr. Struble, prohibiting the transportation of intoxicating liquors from any state or territory or the District of Columbia into any other state or territory contrary to or in violation of the laws thereof.

Grand Army Roster.

Senator Evarts has introduced a bill authorizing the secretary of the Interior to purchase five thousand copies of the historical book of reference known as the National Roster or the Grand Army of the Republic, for which the bill appropriates $50,000. The purpose of this purchase is for the distribution by senators and representatives of one copy to each county library in the United States, so that it may be accessible to all who wish to read it.

The President's Trip.

The President left Washington Wednesday morning for Pittsburg, Pa., to attend the opening of the free library donated to that city by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. He was accompanied by Private Secretary Halford and expects to be back in Washington Friday morning.

The Pacific's Debt.

The Senate special committee on Pacific railroads, after many hearings, thorough investigationtion and careful consideration have finally accepted the reports of Senator Frye on the Union Pacific, and Senator Davis on the Central Pacific, and agreed to a bill providing for a refunding of their debts.

Glass Schedule.

The House Committee on Ways and Means has recalled the glass schedules of the tariff bill which had been approved before as they stood in the Senate bill of last year and made some amendments, the effect of which is to increase slightly the duty on small phials and re-classify the pressed and cut glass sections so as to raise the duty on the finer grades.

THE NEW RULES.

They are Adopted, and the Long Battle is Over.

The Republican magnates in the House have adopted rules to govern that body and now the business of the country can be transacted without interference from the Southern obstructionists, who spread out their oratory by the yard for no other purpose than to make campaign capital. The debate on the rules was short and

sharp, and Speaker Reed has won for himself a place high in the esteem of the people, by the deliberate and business-like manner in which he has fulfilled the duties of his office.

Mr. Bynum of Indiana, offered an amendment providing that when any bill for the increase of pensions, or for granting pensions not formerly provided for, is pending, it shall be in order to offer an amendment providing by taxation for the payment thereof.

Mr. Bynum's amendment was rejected—yeas 96, nays 164.

Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio, offered an amendment striking out the clause constituting 100 members a quorum in committee of the whole. He also offered an amendment to the clause of rule 23, which provides that "all motions or propositions, originating either in the House or Senate, involving a tax or charge upon the people, shall be first considered in committee of the whole." The amendment was to strike out the words "originating in the House or Senate." Mr. Outhwaite argued that the insertion of those words would, by implication and against the constitution, acknowledge the right of the Senate to originate revenue bills.

The speaker, as chairman of the committee on rules, stated that there was no such intention on the part of the committee, and at his suggestion Mr. Cannon, of Illinois, who has charge of the code, acceded to the latter amendment, and it was adopted.

Mr. Outhwaite's first amendment (relative to a quorum) was lost—Yeas 136, nays 150.

Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, moved to strike out the clause conferring upon the speaker the power to count a quorum.

The amendment was lost—Yeas 126, nays 156.

Mr. Mills, of Texas, moved to strike out the clause that no dilatory motions shall be entertained by the Speaker.

The motion was lost—Yeas 141, nays 155.

Mr. Lawler, of Illinois, offered an amendment providing that no member shall speak more than ten minutes upon any subject until all members who may wish to speak have spoken. Lost.

The hour of 5 o'clock having arrived, the Speaker stated that the previous question was ordered on the adoption of the rules.

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, inquired whether a motion to recommit with instructions was in order, and received a negative reply.

The rules were then adopted by a strict party vote of—Yeas 161, nays 145, and the House adjourned.

Land of the Chippewas.

The President now has under consideration the agreement recently entered int by the commissioners of the government and the Chippewa Indians for a cession of a part of their reservation in Minnesota. The ceded lands aggregate about 3,500,000 acres, and it is expected that the President will announce his approval of the agreement within the next few days. The reservation, however, will not be opened to settlement before late in the coming summer, as the whole tract under the law must first be surveyed and appraised. The timber lands will be appraised upon a basis of the amount, quality and value of the timber on each quarter section.

To Talk Silver.

Secretary Windom has informed the House committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, that he will be present at its meeting on Feb. 20 for aninterchange of views on the silver question between himself and the committee.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Deliberations of the Two Houses for the week.

FEBRUARY 11.—In the Senate the following bills were introduced: To establish a public school system in the District; providing for inspection of meats for exportation; prohibiting adulteration of food; to create an agricultural commission. Bills passed: Providing for a public building at Burlington, Iowa; for relief of certain settlers; appropriating $50,000 for a public building at Beatrice, Neb. Mr. Hoar introduced a bill to prescribe, in part, the manner of the election of members of Congress, and it was referred to the committee on privileges and elections. It provides that all States of the union, representatives to Congress shall be elected in and for the districts now prescribed by law, until the apportionment of representatives shall be made by Congress according to the census to be taken in 1890; any law of such state hereafter to be passed to the contrary notwithstanding.

In the House, the day was spent discussing the proposed changes in the rules governing the House.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—The joint resolution congratulating Brasil on the adoption of a Republican form of government was passed. The President was requested to invite the king of the Hawaiian islands to send delegates to the Pan-American Congress. In the House the day was taken up in discussing the rules.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 13.—In the Senate, the bill appropriating $500,000 for a public building at Portland, Oregon, was passed. The Oklahoma town site bill was passed.

In the House, the new rules were discussed.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 14.—House bill for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck of the United States steamers Trenton and Vandalia and the stranding of the United States steamer Nipsic at Apia, Samoan Islands, was passed.

The Senate then began the consideration of pension bills. One of the pension bills (for a man named David Paterson) having been passed, without question, and with the usual rapidity of procedure, Mr. Cockrell, subsequently inquired what had been done with it; and, having been informed by the Vice President that the bill had been passed, he said that it was a remarkable circumstance that the bill appeared on the calendar as being favorably reported, whereas the fact was that the report was an adverse one, with a recommendation that the bill be indefinitely postponed. The report was read, and it showed that Mr. Cockrell's statement was correct. The action of the Senate in passing the bill was therefore reconsidered and the bill was indefinitely postponed.

A bill appropriating $25,000 for the relief of the Sioux Indians at Devil's Lake agency, North Dakota, was passed.

The following bills on the calendar were passed:

Providing for an assistant secretary of war, with a salary of $4,500.

For the relief of soldiers or sailors who enlisted or served under assumed names.

Appropriating $25,000 for a United States revenue cutter for services on the Pacific coast with headquarters at Astoria, Ore.

To prevent the introduction of contagious diseases from one state to another.

Mr. Ingalls stated that the senator from Louisiana (Mr. Gibson) and himself had agreed to an amendment to be adopted to the bill in relation to the Louisiana State University and Agricultural College, and at his request, that bill was again taken up and passed, with an amendment providing that the grant in the bill shall be subject to all the conditions and requirements of the agricultural colleges' bill, and shall not be diminished by the sale or diminution of the funds heretofore derived has been replaced by the state of Louisiana.

Altogether there were over 60 bills passed.

In the House the new rules were adopted by a strict party vote.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Petitions were presented against exporting intoxicants to Africa.

Mr. Blair presented petitions signed by 36,000 members of the G. A. R. in favor of pensions to army nurses; and petitions signed by over 4,000,000 persons in favor of the educational bill.

Among other petitions presented were several for a per diem pension bill; for the removal of the limitation on pension arrears, and for a bounty to soldiers of the regular army who served in the war of the rebellion.

Mr. Frye, from the select committee on the Pacific railroads, reported back adversely the two Pacific railroad refunding bills referred to it and in lieu of them reported an original bill on the subject with two reports, one of these reports touching the Union Pacific indebtedness and the other the Central Pacific indebtedness.

At the conclusion of Mr. Frye's statement the bill was placed on the calendar.

Mr. Blair then took the floor and resumed his speech on the educational bill. Mr. Blair occupied about three hours, but did not close his argument.

On motion of Mr. Hale the House amendment to the bill to have the statistics of mortgage indebtedness obtained in the next census was non-concurred in and a conference was asked. Senators Hale, Davis and Berry were appointed conferees on the part of the Senate.

On motion of Mr. Allen the Senate bill to establish two additional land districts in the state of Washington was taken from the calendar and passed.

In the House the committee on world's fair reported and the reported was adopted. The question will be debated Thursday and Friday and a vote on the location taken Monday.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

Wanamaker's Plan Discussed by the House Committee.

Postmaster General Wanamaker was before the House committee on Postoffices and Postroads and discussed fully the proposition in his annual report for the establishment by the government of a limited postal telegraph. He submitted a plan providing for a lease by the government for ten years of wires for carrying on the business, and for the delivery of the telegrams by the carriers in the first delivery following the receipt of the telegram. He proposed different rates for different distances, and proposed to make the system applicable to the 446 free delivery postoffices in the country.

Mr. Wanamaker said he was not proposing that the government should purchase or build a telegraph line, nor the appropriation of a large sum from the treasury, nor the creating of a new body of employes, but simply the utilization of the office buildings, clerks and carriers now in use, and by convenience and economy of service to greatly accommodate the public in a business that should not be divorced from the postoffice, as it was nothing more or less than the carrying of messages. He said he proposed a union of post and telegraph on a basis that in his judgment would not interfere to any appreciable extent with existing rights, but that would offer incalculable service to classes not now enjoying the use of the telegraph to any large degree.

He asked that he be directed to negotiate and secure a set of leased wires such as the great newspapers have from city to city, or brokers and bankers have connecting their offices in the different cities, that the common people might communicate through their business offices (the postoffices) from city to city, or by messages dropped in their mail boxes. The people had now, he continued, the business offices, the clerks, who could soon learn the tick of the machines, the carriers, who traveled with bundles of letters over the same streets, traversed by telegraph boys, and the stamps for payment that dispenses with bookkeeping, and all that was needed to build up the new service was authority and a wire and a new thrill of life would soon be felt throughout the country.

THE BRITISH TREATY.

The Senate Has Ratified It With a Few Unimportant Changes.

The Senate ratified the British extradition treaty, with a few unimportant amendments.

The Cherokee Strip.

The President issued the following proclamation on February 18:

WHEREAS, That portion of the Indian Territory, commonly known as the Cherokee strip or outlet, has been for some years in the occupancy of an association or associations of white persons under certain contracts, said to have been made with the Cherokee nation in the nature of a lease or leases for grazing purposes; and,

WHEREAS, An opinion has been given to me by the attorney general, concurring with the opinion given to my predecessor by the late attorney general, that whatever the right or title of said Cherokee Nation, or of the United States to or in said lands may be, no right exists in said Cherokee Nation, under the statutes of the United States, to make such treaty or grazing contracts, and that such contracts are wholly illegal and void; and

WHEREAS, The continued use of said lands thereunder for grazing purposes is prejudical to the public interests;

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim and give notice:

First—That no cattle or live stock shall hereafter be brought upon said lands for herding or grazing thereon;

Second—That all cattle and other live stock now on said outlet must be removed therefrom not later than October 1, 1890, and so much sooner as said lands, or any of them, may be or become lawfully open to settlement by citizens of the United States, and that all persons connected with said cattle companies or associations must, at the date above indicated, depart from said lands.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

The Silver Question.

At the meeting of the Senate Finance committee on Feb. 18, the various silver and currency bills that have been referred to it were under consideration. The discussion covered the whole range of the financial situation, but the silver question was the principal topic. All the Republican members of the committee were present, and Messrs. Harris and Vance of the minority.

The discussion is said to have demonstrated that there was little, if any, variance of views upon the manner in which the silver question should be treated. There was practical agreement that a bill should be passed authorizing the secretary of the treasury to increase the purchase of silver, store it as bullion, and issue certificates upon it. It is expected that the several bill covering these propositions will be drafted at the next meeting of the committee.

Indian Appropriations.

A communication from the commissioner of Indian Affairs, laid before the House, makes the following increases in the estimates of the amounts needed during the next fiscal year for the education of Indian children. Indian schools at Chilocco, I. T., from $40,000 to $89,500; Carson City, Nev., $35,000 to $66,500; Pierre, Dak., $25,000 to $38,375; Santa Fe, N. M., $28,000 to $42,750; Genoa, Neb., $40,000 to $69,300; Grand Junction, Colo., $17,000 to $39,000; Lawrence, Kas., $100,000 to $126,500; Salem, Ore., $40,000 to $79,500; on account of transportation of Indian pupils, $28,000 to $50,000; pay of farmers to teach the Indians, $50,000 to $75,000.

Morgan Confirmed.

The senate in executive session finally disposed of the nomination of Thomas J. Morgan, to be commissioner of Indian affairs. The case was discussed for nearly five hours. The roll call showed 28 votes in the affirmative and 16 in the negative, so Gen. Morgan was confirmed, two Republicans—Senators Ingalls, of Kansas, and Pierce, of North Dakota,—voted against confirmation. Messrs. Plumb, of Kansas, and Davis, of Minnesota, were not present but were paired against confirmation. Five Democrats voted for confirmation—Senators Blodgett, of New Jersey; Colquitt, of Georgia; Pugh, of Alabama; Morgan, of Texas, and George, of Mississippi.

Miscellaneous Estimates.

Among the estimates laid before the House on Feb. 18 were the following: Fifty thousand dollars for the construction of buildings for a military post in the Yellowstone Park; $8,000 for the expense of opening the land offices at Pierre and Chamberlain, S. D.; $17,362, deficiency appropriation for the prevention of depredations on the public land; 19,000 for the expense of protecting the public lands, and $2,500 urgent deficiency for the printing of 1,500 maps of the Chickamauga battlefields.

Brazil Congratulated.

The Senate unanimously passed the resolution congratulating the people of Brazil on the formation of a republican form of government on Feb. 12.

On motion of Mr. Hitt, of Illinois, the Senate joint resolution was passed unanimously, by the House on Feb. 13, congratulating the people of the United States of Brazil on the adoption of a Republican form of government.

Land Rulings.

The Secretary of the Interior has ordered that the land offices at Pierre and Chamberlain, in South Dakota, and O'Neil, in Nebraska shall receive no filings for entry of land on the Sioux lands just ceded to the United States in any case when there is good reason to believe that the same are for lands to which individual Indians have a right under the act of 1889, and all such entries made in any way will be canceled.

Copyright Bill.

The House Judiciary committee has unanimously decided to report to the House for action an international copyright bill to be prepared by Representative Adams, of Illinois, upon the basis of the provisions of the Breckenridge bill. The changes will consist of a rearrangement of the sections together with some unimportant amendments.

Gettysburg's Tablets.

The secretary of War has sent to the House of Representatives an estimate for an appropriation of $55,353, for the creation of monuments or tablets for the proper marking of the position of each of the commands of the regular army engaged at Gettysburg. It is proposed to erect forty such monuments or tablets.

GENERAL NEWS.

A NEW ENGLAND TRAGEDY.

The Sawtelle Murder—A Case that is Absorbing Yankee Attention.

The body of Hiram Sawtelle, of Roxbury, Mass., was found on Feb. 14 in the woods near Lebanon, Me. It had been decapitated and the head has not yet been discovered. When found the body was projecting from a poorly made grave and had a bullet in the heart. It was feet uppermost, and not three yards from where an officer had previously found a paper that was wrapped around an axe, bought by a brother of the dead man. The body was naked with the exception of the feet, which had on a pair of socks.

Beside it was a lot of clotted blood, where the arms and head had been cut off. The officer now has in his possession the empty shell from which the bullet came that killed Sawtelle. The bullet itself has also been found, and a gold collar button, bent and twisted. Isaac Sawtelle, brother to the dead man, is now under arrest on suspicion of having been concerned in the killing. He was arraigned on a charge of murder, and was committed without bail.

In December last Isaac B. Sawtelle was pardoned from the state prison, where he had served a long sentence on three indictments for rape. Since that time he has boarded with his brother Hiram, at Roxbury, Mass. The latter kept a fruit store on Washington street, which, together with his residence, has been owned by their father and was held in their mother's name. Isaac had deceived his mother and induced her to transfer the property to him, but Hiram put an injunction upon it so that Isaac could not sell it.

The property is said to be worth from $15,000 to $20,000. These transactions had caused hard feeling between the brothers, and it is believed that in order to remove every obstacle from his path, and to give him possession of the property, Isaac plotted to remove his brother and the latter's entire family, consisting of his wife, daughter aged 8, a son aged 5, and an infant.

Week before last Isaac asked Mrs. Sawtelle's permission to take one of the children to Lowell. She refused. On Saturday, February 1, he came into the house and told Mrs. Sawtelle that her husband had given him permission to take the little girl to Lowell, and the mother finally allowed her to go with him.

When the father came home he denied having given his consent for her to go with her uncle. From Boston Isaac and the girl went to Lowell, staying until Monday, when they went to Rochester, N. H.

The little girl claims that while at the latter place her uncle tried to poison her with medicine and pills, but only with the effect of making her sick. Then he telegraphed to his brother Hiram, in this city, that the little girl was sick with the grip and asking him to come immediately. This was February 4. The next day a letter came to the mother, urging her to come to Rochester, the inference being that had she responded in person she, too, would have been disposed of.

Going to His Grave.

It was finally settled that Hiram, the father, should go alone and he left Boston on Wednesday at 1 p. m. From this moment his movements became shrouded in mystery, and he was never seen alive by his friends. The following day, Thursday, February 6, Isaac and the little girl arrived home, and the former denied having seen Hiram at all.

Mrs. Sawtelle was suspicious of foul play, and accused Isaac of putting his brother out of the way, which he strenuously denied. Isaac remained in East Rochester, N. H., until the following Sunday, when he disappeared. Hiram's absence was reported to the police on Saturday, and on Monday, February 10, Special Officer Shields started for Rochester, while search was also begun in this city.

From the investigations made by the police it is learned that on Wednesday, February 5, Isaac Sawtelle hired a team at a Rochester livery stable and met a man at the depot (Hiram, without doubt), with whom he drove away. Within half an hour he returned alone with the team. It is believed by some that he delivered Hiram into the keeping of his confederate at this time.

Later in the afternoon, about 5 o'clock, he purchased a hatchet, pick-axe and spade at a hardware store; also a canvas bag in which to carry them. Then again hiring the team, he drove off in the direction leaving that morning, not returning until 9 at night. In answer to inquiries about his purchasing a spade, he replied that he intended to buy a farm in the vicinity, and wanted to test the oils.

The belief grows stronger in Rochester that soon after leaving Rochester on Wednesday, February 5, Sawtelle was given to understand that he was being driven to see his sick daughter, and that when the houses were passed, Isaac deliberately shot him through the heart. When their team passed through East Rochester it was noticed that one man lay back in the carriage as though sick or sleeping. Search is being made for the dead man's head and arms.

FOREIGN NOTES.

American Corn in Canada.

In the Canadian parliament, on February 11, the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, leader of the opposition, introduced a measure in favor of the abolition of the duty on American corn imported into Canada for use by distillers. The question was debated with vigor. Sir John Macdonald, Sir Richard Cartwright, the Hon. David Mills, the Hon. George Foster, and the Hon. MacKenzie Bowell were the principal speakers. The government used its strongest endeavors and defeated the measure by a majority of 35.

O'Shea's Defeat.

In the probate, divorce and admiralty division of the high court of Justice at London, February 18, Mr. Justice Butt refused to grant the application made in behalf of Capt. O'Shea for writs of attachment against the managers of the *Star* and the London edition of the New York *Herald*—for publishing certain comments relative to the action for divorce brought by Capt. O'Shea against his wife, in which Mr. Parnell is named as co-respondent.

French Language Abolished.

The Manitoba legislature, on February 12, passed a resolution abolishing the use of French as the official language in that province. The French members in the legislature made a bitter fight against the resolution. The vote in the legislature was a straight English vs. French vote, and was carried by a majority of 21. The French members announced that they would appeal to the throne.

The Duke's Sentence.

The Paris Republican journals approve the sentence of two years' imprisonment imposed on the Duke of Orleans on Feb. 12, and say that the manifestations made by the Orleanists preclude the possibility of a pardon for the duke or a reduction of his sentence.

The *Journal des Debats* says it hopes the government will not allow the provocation of the royalists to prevent its extending clemency to the young duke.

The Duke of Orleans Will be Escorted to the Border.

M. Boucher, an Orleanist member of the Chamber of Deputies, has received from Havana a cable dispatch from the Count of Paris, father of the Duke of Orleans, in which he says: I am proud of my son and pleased with the attitude he has taken, but I am deeply concerned on account of his sentence.

The *Figaro* reports that President Carnot has decided to pardon the Duke of Orleans and send him under escort to the frontier.

Died from Sunstroke.

The London *Standard's* dispatch from Zanzibar says the medical examination proved that the sultan died from sunstroke.

Everything is quiet there, no trouble having arisen in consequence of the death of the Sultan.

Zanzibar's New Sultan.

The new sultan of Zanzibar, Seynold Ali, received all the European residents of Zanzibar on Feb. 16, and formally hoisted his flag.

Want an Increase.

Four hundred thousand miners in Great Britain have decide dto adhere to their demand for an increase of ten per cent in their wages. It is probable that the men will strike. Should they do so the coal output will be decreased three-quarters.

Julius Andrassy Dead.

Count Julius Andrassy, the well-known Hungarian statesman, who has been ill for some time at Volosca, near Feume, died on February 18. He was 67 years old.

Game of Freeze Out.

Negotiations between the two parties are all off, and the deadlock in the Iowa legislature has become a game of freeze out.

LARRABEE'S MESSAGE.

Not in Favor of High License—Women Should Vote.

Governor Larrabee's message is a very lengthy document, making about 7,000 words. It touches upon almost every subject interest to the state. He urges the adoption of the Australian ballot system, and that women be permitted to vote at municipal elections.

He deals at great length with the railroad question; urges the adoption of appliances to minimize the danger to employes making up trains, etc., and that no more trains be run on Sunday than are absolutely necessary.

Railroads should give more attention to the improvement of their property, and should be compelled to do away with all old wooden bridges. Railroad trusts and like combinations are condemned. The state, he says, cannot tolerate usurpation of power, nor conspiracy on the part of its creatures. The practice among public officials of accepting passes is thoroughly condemned.

It is recommended that all corporations for pecuniary profit be compelled to make annual statements concerning their business.

The governor dwells at considerable length on the question of prohibition. He does not believe that a high license policy or one which he says, will leave only the "respectable" saloon in existence, will ever be sanctioned by the people of Iowa. The "gilded saloon" he considers far more dangerous than the "squalid, outlawed whisky dive."

The governor then enters into a long argument against the licensing of saloons in any form. Where the law has not been enforced, the blame, he thinks, lies with the executive officers. A recommendation is made that the law be amended so as to prevent undue searches of private houses.

METHODIST DOINGS.

Three Events Celebrated in New York City.

Two important events in Methodism were celebrated in New York city on Feb. 13. Every available seat in the Metropolitan opera house was filled, and on the platform were some of the most prominent Methodist workers in the country.

The centennial of the Methodist book concern and the seventieth anniversary of the Missionary society were the two great events. A third, to celebrate which the occasion was also utilized, was the completion of the handsome and costly new publishing house of the Methodist Episcopal church, Fifth avenue. Bishop Andrews presided.

Chaplain C. C. McCabe and A. S. Newman led in the singing with which this big mass meeting opened. Rev. Dr. John M. Reid offered prayer; the Rev. Dr. A. E. P. Albert, a colored preacher of New Orleans, editor of the *Southwestern Christian Advocate*, read Scriptures, and then Bishop Cyrus D. Foss of Philadelphia, delivered an address on "The Book Concern."

Rev. John H. Buckley gave an address on "Methodist Literature," giving a history of the great Methodist works of literature and the good accomplished by them. "But," he concluded, "perhaps the greatest work accomplished by Methodist literature has been to counteract the natural tendency of strong religious emotion to fanaticism."

The possibility of a union with the Presbyterian church was welcomed by him. The elimination of bad doctrine from the Westminster confession of faith, as voted for at the recent Presbyterian meeting in this city, was, he believed, a step that would hasten that union.

RACE AND RELIGION.

Warm Times in the Canadian Parliament at Ottawa.

Race and religious cries were again raised in the Canadian House of Commons on February 13, and so much excitement was occasioned that it was feared for a time there would be as serious a row as occurred during the famous Riel debate in 1885. The scene within the precincts of the building where all those who enter are supposed to be advocates of peace and order, was an extraordinary one. Anticipating a brilliant debate on Dalton McCarthy's anti-French bill, all the galleries were crowded with visitors, but they were destined to hear an angry debate on another, but closely allied question.

John Charlton, a member of parliament for Oxford county, said he wished to ask the premier if the attention of his government had been officially called to the disgraceful riot which took place in Hull last night. Continuing, he charged the first minister with palfiating and winking at such outrages in order to secure the Roman Catholic vote. He declared that Miss Wright and her party, who were so brutally attacked, were carrying on a work that was legitimate and proper, and that under such circumstances ought to have had the protection of the government even had it been necessary to call out the militia for this purpose.

Sir John McDonald replied, warmly resenting the charge, and declaring that while he most heartily sympathized with the unfortunate persons who had been mobbed, he could not see that it was the duty of his government to take matter up. That, he declared, was a matter for the provincial authorities to look after. The federal authorities had no jurisdiction. He charged Mr. Charlton with endeavoring to flame the embers of the race and creed battle between the French-speaking Roman Catholics and the English-speaking Protestants.

When Sir John took his seat Mr. Charlton rose to reply. Then the row commenced. Mr. Charlton had already spoken once, and the Speaker ruled him out of order. He still persisted in speaking, amid cries of "order, order," "chair, chair."

Hon. Peter Mitchell moved the adjournment of the House but on account of the outery he could get no second. The uproar continued some time and only subsided when Hon. Edward Blake, ex-leader of the Reform party, of which Mr. Charlton is a member, rose to speak.

He defended the government against Mr. Charlton, whom he bitterly denounced. When he sat down, after a fifteen-minute speech, he was vigorously cheered and applauded, but the cheers died away into groans and hisses when Mr. Charlton again rose to speak. The speaker declared him out of order again and again, but he would not sit down.

The members left their seats and thronged the isles, expecting the sergeant-at-arms would be ordered to make an arrest.

Finally, in order to prevent an open outbreak, the speaker left the chair, adjourning the House. As soon as Mr. Charlton sat down, however, business was resumed. After considerable talking on both sides, the House quieted down and the violent scene which had lasted for three quarters of an hour was over.

Nevada Bank Deal.

A syndicate, among whose members are I. W. Hellman, of Los Angeles, Scholl Bro.'s, of San Francisco and New York, and Levi Strauss have acquired the controlling interest in the Nevada bank, of San Francisco. The ownership of this bank, since the death of the late James C. Flood, has been entirely held by John W. Mackay, James L. Flood and Senator James G. Fair. The syndicate will have control of five-sixths of the capital stock, which is $3,000,000, leaving one-sixth, or $500,000, which will be retained by Mackay and Flood. It is understood that Mackay, Flood and Fair simply wanted to be relieved of the responsibility and worry in the management of the bank, so that their time could be devoted to other matters.

The Louisiana Lottery Offers to Pay a State's Debt if Allowed to Exist.

The Louisiana Lottery company is making a desperate effort to retain its corporate life. It has failed to secure a charter from North Dakota, and its next move, it is said, will be an enormous bribe to the Louisiana legislature for a renewal of its present charter, which will expire two years hence.

Its proposition will be to pay the entire state debt, amounting to from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000. The lottery is earning $250,000 a month, or $3,000,000 a year. Many prominent Louisianians fear that the bribe may be accepted.

Civilized Indians.

Reports from the Mille Lacs Indian reservation, Minnesota, in advance of the report of the visiting commission, indicate a severe and fatal epidemic of disease. The grippe is said to have been quite equal to an epidemic of smallpox, and in some encampments there have not been enough well Indians to feed the sick even if they had sufficient food. The head chiefs were expecting aid from the government in response to telegrams sent to Washington, but none had come. An estimate places the deaths at forty to fifty. Indian Agent P. B. Sculer has sent medical aid and some supplies from Brainerd, Minn.

FAVOR SERVICE PENSIONS.

A Big Meeting of Ex-Soldiers at Columbus.

There was an immense crowd at Columbus, O., on the evening of Feb. 17, of ex-soldiers called together to discuss the service pension question. James Lynas presided. Letters expressing regret at not being able to attend, and sympathizing with the object of the meeting, were read from ex-Gov. Foraker, Gov. Campbell, Gov. Hovey, Joseph W. Pfeiffer, of Illinois, D. H. Voorhees, of Indiana, J. B. Cheadle, Corporal Tanner, H. L. Morey, Col. A. L. Conger, Congressman Outhwaite and Hon. Calvin S. Brice.

Speeches favoring a service pension were made by Hon. R. B. Brown, of Zanesville, Hon. I. F. Mack, of Sandusky, Rev. N. S. Cook, Rev. N. S Smith, Rev. Ricketts, Prof. T. C. Ryan, and R. N. Cook. Messrs. Brown, Smith and Mack favored voting against candidates for public offices who do not favor a service pension.

A resolution offered by J. S. Harris was adopted, calling upon Congress to pass a bill providing for a pension service of $8 a month for all honorably discharged Union soldiers of the late war who served more than sixty and less than eight hundred days, and one cent additional per month for each day of service more than that. The secretary was instructed to forward copies of the resolution to members of Congress.

FIRE IN AN ASYLUM.

Five Hundred Cursing, Screaming, Sobbing Inmates.

At 5 o'clock a. m., Feb. 16, fire broke out in the boiler room of the insane asylum near Little Rock, Ark., and spread rapidly throughout the entire building.

There were nearly 500 patients in the building, all of whom were removed from the different wards to the first floor, preparatory to taking them from the asylum.

During the removal, a scene of pandemonium reigned, the patients screaming, cursing and sobbing with terror as the keepers hustled them from floor to floor until they were in comparative safety. The water gave out, and only the timely arrival of the fire engine from this city prevented the complete destruction of the building. One wing, including the boiler room, pump room, engine house, laundry, dry house, kitchen, bath rooms and pantries was destroyed, entailing a loss of about $35,000. There is no insurance.

SALOONS MUST CLOSE.

The State Has Powers, According to the Supreme Court.

The Colorado State Supreme court has rendered an opinion in the Heinsen liquor case, affirming the decision of the lower court that the state has jurisdiction over saloons in this city. Last summer Heinssen was arrested by county officials for selling liquor Sundays, and convicted in the District court.

The case was made a test and taken to Supreme court, the defense claiming that by the special charter granted to Denver by the legislature, the city has sole control over saloons and houses of ill-fame, and that neither county nor state had jurisdiction.

Chicago Police Raid a Spiritualists' Headquarters.

Three reporters and a detective at Chicago, February 18, attended a dark cabinet seance, and when the proper time arrived, one of them seized the embodied "spirit" and another struck a light. The result was screams and a sensation. Then a police patrol wagon drove up to the door of the house; Mrs. Carrie M. Sawyer and Miss Kittie Ranger, who played the part of spirits, and Frank Burk, manager, were bundled in and carted off to the police station, charged with obtaining money by false pretenses.

Recent Deaths.

On Feb. 10, in Mount Vernon, Ky., Robt. S. Todd, a nephew of the late President Lincoln; in Long Branch, N. J., Major